KIND WORDS

FOR HIS

YOUNG FRIENDS.

BY UNCLE WILLIAM.



WOULD YOU BE HAPPY ALL DAY LONG?
PURSUE THE RIGHT, ABHOR THE WRONG.

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THE IRISH BOY AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER

(See Page 29.)

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UNCLE WILLIAM.

Do you know Uncle William? He bears that name not only amidst a large group of nephews and nieces, but amongst many who cherish the affection which he has inspired, without such relationship. His title becomes him as well as does that of many an Aunt Catherine, or aunts in similar circumstances; whom to know is to love.

If, then, you know Uncle William, how many pleasant thoughts will arise in your mind at the mention of his name! You will at once recall his happy looks; think, perhaps, of the time when he first placed his hand on your head; seem to hear the tones of gentleness and kindness in which he always speaks; and dwell, it may be, on some of the valuable things he has said to you. I am not surprised at all this; it would indeed be strange—very strange, were it otherwise.

If you do not know Uncle William, it is desirable that I should tell you something about him. He cannot describe himself, and therefore I ask you to accept the present sketch from the hand of a friend. I want you to be interested in him, though you cannot look up in his cheerful face, stand by his side, or put your arm round his neck. Could this be done, what a treat you would have! You would hear much that you have not heard before; and if anything was not quite new, it would have a freshness from the pleasing manner in which it was told. If he laughed, you would laugh as heartily as ever you did; if he were grave, your countenance would become so too; and, perhaps, as he told some touching tale, or gave some kind rebuke, the tears would gush into your eyes, and fall rapidly down your cheeks. But, however this might be, if you were not wiser and better for what you heard, whose fault would it be? Certainly not Uncle William's.

Could the years be rolled back—but they cannot—you would like him for a playfellow. When a child, he was not demure and sly, or noisy and violent, or meddling and mis-

chievous; he was not one who must have it all his own way, or else prevent others from playing; or, if he could not do this, one who would leave them crying or sulking. Nor if any one touched him with a finger or a straw, did he cry out as if his arm were broken. No, he knew better than the children who do all this, and he acted as if he did. The chief quality that marked him then, as it has done ever since, was kindness. This prevented many evils, and was the spring of many benefits; not to himself alone, but to all his companions.

When a child, too, he was fond of reading: not that he hurried through many books, as people now go along a railroad, without gathering knowledge by the way. He could, when asked, tell much about what he read; and it was his custom always to finish one book before he began another. There was one book, however, which he early learned to prize above all others: it was his Bible, the holy book of God. He read it with the feelings with which he would have listened, if the voice of the Most High had addressed him. At such times he was like Samuel, when he said. "Speak, Lord; for thy servant

heareth." He obeyed the charge, "My son, give me thine heart." He trusted in the only Saviour; and, taught by that Holy Spirit who is promised to all who ask his influence in sincerity and truth, he became truly wise.

With true piety, moreover, he united constant activity. It was observed, that William, from his childhood, loved to notice things. Unless something required him to hasten, and then he never tarried, he would stop to look at a strange plant, or insect, or bird, that he met with in his path, and try to learn something about it on his return. He owed much of his knowledge to his kind parents; but they would not have told him many things they did, had it not been for his own inquiries. He imitated the eminent man, who being asked how he came to know so much, replied, "By never being ashamed to show my ignorance by asking questions of those who could teach me."

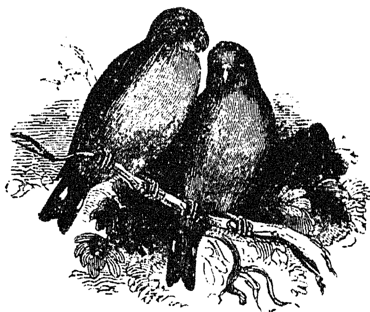
As William knew that his spade was to dig, his pen to write, and his knife to cut, so he was aware that he had a mind to think, and he used it, therefore, for its proper purpose. He would just as soon have reckoned on digging without his spade, or writing

without his pen, as of doing anything without using his mind. To the habit of thinking, indeed, he was chiefly indebted for the knowledge he had derived from various sources. Without this, his mind would have been like the miller's sieve, letting through the flour, and only keeping back the bran; but with it, his stores were constantly on the increase. He was, in fact, always doing something; and it was his aim to do what was useful, and also to do it well. His conduct at home was therefore pleasing; at school he gained the chief prizes; and wherever he was a visitor, his friends were reluctant to part with him, and often expressed their wishes that he would soon come again.

Many years have since passed away, and the boy has long ago become a man. The slender shoot has grown to a tree—a tree of no common fruitfulness. The mind, so diligently cultured, is able to do at once, and with ease, what many find difficult, attempt again and again with great effort, or give up as quite impossible. The extent and variety of knowledge acquired from year to year by a diligent student is indeed surprising.

Uncle William's knowledge enables him daily to gather more. He has studied plants, and hence every field, bank, or hedge, suggests something new, or reveals and renders more lasting in remembrance what is already known. He has studied insects, birds, and quadrupeds; and so, as he looks on their movements, his acquaintance with these animated tribes is enlarged. He has studied the air, the light, and the heavens; and the morning or the evening walk affords him, therefore, a peculiar interest, unknown to others of different habits.

Another trait of character deserves to be noticed. A flint yields a spark when it is forcibly struck. A sponge may hold a valuable liquid; but to yield it, it must be pressed: but these are unlike Uncle William. As the honey flows from the comb, so all he can do is freely offered for the benefit of others. It is delightful to see him in the midst of a youthful group. One little creature is seated on his knee; others who are older gather around; "big sisters and brothers," as they are sometimes called, increase the party; and fathers and mothers have often been observed to stand within hearing, picking up, doubtless,



what deserved to be remembered. Few, per haps, are so well prepared to meet that oft-repeated request: "Do, if you please, tell me a story." Uncle William, however, likes those stories best which teach something. When he tells one, he would have it contain some valuable lesson, as a nut is inclosed in a shell, or as a jewel is shut up in a casket. He knows full well that when Solomon would correct indolence, he said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;" and that our Lord directed his disciples to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, when he would urge them to trust in the providence of our heavenly Father. In such circumstances, then, he often finds an example, and many a lesson does he teach from the various objects around.

I have overheard him urging on the young, a tender affection for one another, as he has pointed out to them a pair of love-parrots, so remarkable for this feeling; and sometimes a story of Uncle William's comes, as people say, "very pat." To give an instance of this: Henry—I need not mention his other name—was asked one day to fetch his sister from a friend's, and he did not look very well

pleased. Uncle William saw the expression of his countenance, and taking him into the garden, told him the following story:—

A dog, named Frank, had become very much attached to the female part of a family and particularly to the children. One of them, a little girl, about six years of age, attended a school at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and hither the dog accompanied her every morning, as well as at noon; always returning home as soon as he had conducted his charge safely to the house. After a short time, however, he was not content with guarding the little girl to school, but he began also to escort her home. Twelve o'clock was the time at which the children left school for the purpose of returning to dinner; and a few minutes before the appointed hour Frank trotted off, with his tail raised, and, at length, placing himself in front of the school, patiently waited the coming out of the little throng. As soon as they appeared, he eagerly selected the object of his care, and guarded her home with the greatest attention. At five o'clock in the afternoon he took exactly the same course.

How this sagacious and affectionate crea-

ture contrived to be so punctual, it is difficult to say. Frank always proceeded a few yards in advance, but if any person or animal appeared, from whom he feared danger, he came close to the child, and forbade a near approach. He was especially suspicious of a beggar, or any mean or fierce-looking person.

"Surely," added Uncle William, "this dog was superior to the ill-natured children who refuse to help, or assist with reluctance, a brother or a sister!" I shall not describe Henry's feelings as he heard all this; it is enough to say he was off in an instant, as if his old friend Edward had just pitched the wickets for a game of cricket in the next field. Anxious to interest and impress the mind, Uncle William is as fond of verses as of stories. He knows that the sound helps to the remembrance of the sense; and when he cannot find what is adapted to his design, he supplies the deficiency in his own way. But of his verses and stories you will now have some specimens. For, not long ago, Uncle William was sitting in a room, where he has often been, and where I hope he will still frequently be found, talking to several of his young friends of a very interesting volume

he had just been reading. All agreed with him in opinion from what they had heard, when a sudden thought of one of the party was as quickly uttered: "Oh, how I wish that Uncle William would write a book!" "And I," "And I," went round the whole circle. Uncle William did not reply except by a smile. Time rolled on, however, and at length a packet came into my hands, on which was the inscription, "Kind Words for his Young Friends." These are now presented to the reader, with many desires that they may be as much profited as pleased by the perusal of the volume.



HOME AFFECTION.

I will love them all dearly, for though I may find
  A companion or friend in another;
Yet where can I meet with a father so kind—
  A mother, a sister, a brother?
So I'll love them all dearly, and each one shall see,
How highly they all are regarded by me.

THE words thus employed for a motto, are expressive of feelings which ought to be cherished universally by the young. Where this is done, there will be much amiableness and happiness; and where opposite feelings are fostered, there will be much that is painful to those who judge rightly, and to the inhabitants of so disturbed a dwelling. May you, my young friends, escape in this respect all that is evil, and highly enjoy all that is "lovely and of good report."

Margaret Davidson, a very interesting young person, who lately died in America, was strongly attached to home. Her family lived for some time at Champlain, in that country, but from the illness of her mother, they removed to Canada. The climate of that part, however, did Mrs. Davidson no good; she continued a helpless invalid, confined to her bed for eighteen months, during which time little Margaret was her constant companion and attendant. They afterwards proceeded to New York, and while there, Margaret, who was then about nine years old, expressed her yearnings for the banks of the Saranac, in the following pretty lines:—

"I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowrets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,
Where I sported, a babe without sorrow or fear:
I would leave this great city so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this pure summer-day.
I have friends whom I love, and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh, 'tis tenderer yet!
There a sister reposes unconscious in death—
'Twas there she first drew and there yielded her breath

A father I love is away from me now—
Oh, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the grey locks, to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own darling *home*, it is dearer than all."

A new home was afterwards found; but even there Margaret thus regretted the wilder scenery of her native place, Champlain:—

" Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light,
Upon thy bounding bosom bright:
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

" The little isles that deck thy breast,
And calmly on thy bosom rest—
How often, in my childish glee,
I've sported round them bright and free—
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

" How oft I've watched the freshening shower
Bending the summer tree and flower,
And felt my little heart beat high
As the bright rainbow graced the sky!
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain!

" And shall I never see thee more,
My native lake, my much-loved shore?

And must I bid a long adieu,
My dear, my infant home to you?
Shall I not see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain?"

Her sister, Lucretia Maria Davidson, had an equally strong home affection. Her father had suffered many losses during a recent war. Her mother, too, for weeks and months seemed on the verge of the grave. One of her poems to that beloved parent thus concludes:—

"Hang not thy harp upon the willow,
That weeps o'er every passing wave;
Thy life is but a restless pillow;
There's calm and peace beyond the grave."

Touching as these lines are, there is one fact still more so. Her father's well-chosen library, so delightful to herself, had been broken up and scattered by the invasion of the town in which they dwelt, and with no common regret did Lucretia look on its empty shelves. One day her father met at a friend's house an English gentleman, who expressed a strong desire to see some of the productions of a little girl of whom he had heard much, and she consented, though with

reluctance, that a few copies should be sent to the stranger.

This gentleman returned a polite note to her father, expressing his pleasure, and enclosed a very handsome present in money for Lucretia. She received it, and examining it with eager simplicity, exclaimed, "Oh, papa, how many books it will buy!" But casting her eyes on the bed where her suffering mother was lying, a shade of tenderness passed over her bright countenance, as she added, "Oh, no, no, no! I cannot spend it; take it, papa; I do not want it; take it, and buy something for mamma!"

Who does not see in a moment that these young persons acted rightly? They felt—and they showed that they felt—what was due to a parent's love. A sense of this confers honour on all by whom it is displayed.

I will give you another fact:—A plain country-looking man, many years ago, went to the house of the dean of Canterbury, and was insulted by a servant, for inquiring if John Tillotson was at home. His person, however, being described to the dean, he immediately exclaimed, "It is my worthy father;" and hastening to the door, he fell on

his knees in the presence of his servants, to ask his father's blessing. He had learned—and often should a child think of this—that even a father would be unable to describe the love for his offspring which is cherished in a father's bosom.

Yet there is, if possible, a love still more tender. Where is there the first gleam of an infant mind? It is in its smile—a smile of which its mother is the object, for it knows its mother before it knows itself. And here what tributes might I gather from the lives of eminent persons to a mother's love! I might not only form many beautiful flowers into a garland in its honour, but weave many such garlands. At present we can only look at one of these flowers here and there. Lord Bacon, a man of great rank, learning, and ability, thus displays his filial affection in his will:—"For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's church, near St. Alban's: there was my mother buried." Bishop Jewel had the name of his mother engraved on a signet. Hooker, a very celebrated writer, used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would strive earnestly to be so

for the sake of my aged mother, that I may requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy." Gray, the poet, thirteen years after the death of his own mother, wrote to his friend Nicholls in the following terms:—"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire, on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me she was recovered, otherwise I had then written to you to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's own life, one can never have any more than a single mother." Cowper, who stands so high as a Christian poet, refers, with similar feelings, to the same relation, when he had received from his cousin his mother's picture, and among other lines, equally affecting, says—

" 'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy winning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so till my latest age."

Of Sir Walter Scott, it is said by his son-in-law, who wrote his life:—"On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had previously been so placed there, that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver paper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets, inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; and more things of the like sort, recalling 'the old familiar faces.'" And it is related of Lady Flora Hastings, that when life was ebbing fast away, she stretched out her hand, saying, "Lord, I am coming;"

but with her latest breath she uttered the tender word, "Mother!"

George Washington, of whom you will read much in the history of America, when a youth, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; the vessel lay opposite his father's house; the little boat had come on shore to take him off; and his whole heart was bent on going. His trunk was carried down to the boat, and he went to bid his mother farewell. She said nothing to him, but he saw the tears bursting from her eyes, and he feared she might not be happy again. Immediately he turned round to the servant, and said, "Go, and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away, to break my mother's heart." His mother, struck with his decision, replied, "George! God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless *you*."

The conduct of this youth would have been pleasing, if he had cared but little about the service on which he was about to enter; it was especially so, when his whole mind was intent on going to sea. As a strong rope or chain can only be broken by

greater strength, so the ardent affection he bore to his mother appears in the readiness with which he gave up his own desires. His mother presented him on this occasion with a knife, which is now preserved in the museum of Alexandria, in the United States—an interesting memorial of his filial regard.

I have often thought, when I have witnessed the want or the delay of prompt and kind attention to a parent's wishes—and I have noticed it, and been pained by it, when some of my young friends have supposed that Uncle William did not observe it at all—I say, I have often thought how they were rebuked not only by such instances as these, but by many of the young whose advantages are much fewer than their own. I will mention a case of this kind. A poor widow had lost all her children but one, and he, poor fellow, was almost an idiot. Jack, as he was called, was tall, and he had fine features, but it was said they were only capable of expressing his helpless affection. Most touching, indeed, were his love and tenderness to his mother. "They call my boy a fool," she would say; "but his folly is sweeter to me than all the wisdom of the

world." Troubles increased upon her; she became blind; she was turned out of her way-side hut, because she could not pay the rent of a few shillings required for it, and the blind widow was led for alms from house to house by her idiot son. She might thus be observed standing meekly before a window, her white hair combed carefully back from her high wrinkled forehead, her hands crossed upon her chequered apron; and if the rain fell, or the sun shone, Jack was busy with her hood, which he would immediately draw over her head. Whatever was bestowed on him, he instantly gave to his mother; nothing was reserved for himself; though he would pick up the crumbs of bread or potatoe she dropped while eating. If she had not forced him to take food, it is said he would have starved himself to death. When she died, it was piteous to see him so lonely and desolate during the few weeks he survived her; and after fading gradually, he was found dead on her humble grave!

In connexion with such facts as these, it should be constantly remembered, that no duty is more pleasant than that of filial affection, and that there is none the neglect

of which is more heavily punished. Under the law of Moses, a disobedient son was to be stoned to death; and all who resembled him, though not thus visited now, are exposed to the displeasure of the Almighty. An apostle has said, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Let these words be written, then, on the fleshly tables of the heart. And never let it be forgotten, that when our Lord and Saviour hung upon the cross—a sacrifice for the sins of men—he thought with the tenderest affection of his surviving parent. Mark the words of the inspired evangelist: "When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home," John xix. 26, 27.

Affection, when rightly cherished for parents, will pervade the whole domestic circle. I have witnessed many instances of

the tender affection of sisters for one another, and also of their active and ardent love for their brothers. Brothers are often, unhappily, not so well agreed among themselves. And yet it ought to be otherwise. Among instances of strong affection, which are happily not wanting, the following is one of a truly interesting character. Seven young men had to walk, in the very depth of winter, one hundred and thirty miles. As they proceeded, they were suddenly overtaken by one of the snow-storms which are common in the mountains of Scotland. The night, too, began to close in around them, and the violence of the wind increased, while thicker and faster fell the flakes of snow. At last, bewildered by the darkness, which was rendered more dismal by the incessant snow-drift, they strayed from the right path, and their strength was exhausted. They could just see one another, but the storm was so violent that they could not converse. Thus struggling onward, and scarcely knowing where they went, one of them sank in a hollow of the rock, and was buried, and the others passed on, unconscious of his loss.

In the party were two brothers of the

name of Forsythe; and soon after the younger of them also dropped down, being quite spent. His body lay in the pathway of the rest, but in their state of exhaustion they, with one exception, passed on without affording him any help. This was the elder Forsythe, who, knowing that his brother was in the party, stooped on coming up to him, and felt his face. Assured it was his own brother, he took him up, and placed him on his back.

The number of the party was now rapidly diminished; one after another perished, being frozen to death. Still Forsythe went on, as long as he had any strength; but at length his powers also gave way; he sank beneath the weight of his burden, and immediately expired. It appears, however, that his younger brother had already been gradually restored by his brother's warmth, and was thus enabled to reach home. by his generous sacrifice of himself.

Here, then, my young friends, are several of Uncle William's true stories; he tells them not merely to amuse you, but in the hope that they will be of real use. Do you say, "How can they be so?" I will answer

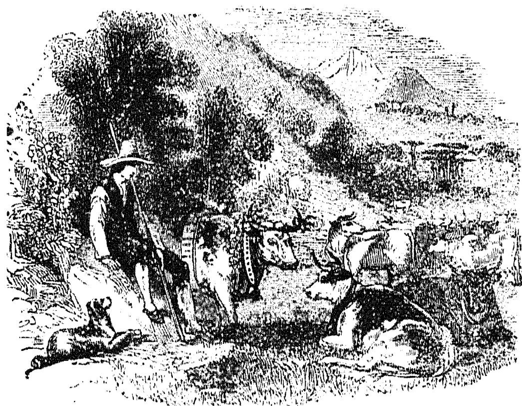
the inquiry. Have you disobeyed one or both of your parents to-day? Have you shown unkindness to a brother or a sister? Now, think on what you have read. Let it humble you. Let it lead to the acknowledgment of your sin before God. Let it urge you to seek pardon through the precious blood of Christ. Let it constrain you to implore grace to preserve you from doing so again. Have you not done wrong of late in these respects? Then, whenever you are tempted to do so, say, "No, I will not; how can I, when I remember Uncle William's kind words on Home Affection?"



PRIDE OF DRESS.

"Should I not be smart in such gay garments dress'd?
And then to be noticed, admired, and caress'd,
Oh, that would be pleasant; how often I've heard
That feathers, when fine, will make a fine bird!"
Stop, stop, my young friend, when folks are so fine,
And think far beyond all their neighbours to shine,
The wise will conclude, amidst every pretence,
That such people are sadly wanting in sense.
Plain clothes may a person of great worth adorn,
And *fine* clothes another, deserving of scorn.

Now, for another story. When I was in Switzerland, I observed a singular practice. A beautiful race of cows is reared among the mountains of that interesting country, and the most trusty of them are adorned with bells. This is done that the sound may keep the herd together, and direct the herdsman to the place where they are pasturing. The owner of these cows has much pleasure in them. He has various sets of bells,



and on certain occasions the favourite cow has the finest and largest bell, and also the gayest trappings. Others have smaller bells, and collars less ornamented, unless they reach the point at which no distinction is made. Strange as it may seem, to deprive the cows of their usual decorations is severely to punish them. They feel it grievously, and in this state utter piteous lowings.

On certain days a kind of procession takes place. The herdsman leads the van, and next in order comes the favourite cow, leading the herd, ornamented with her tinkling bells and gay apparel. Should another, from any cause, be made to take her place, she shows her vexation by continual lowings, refuses food, and attacks the one that bears her honours.

One cow that had long been thus honoured, was, on one occasion, thought too weak to take her usual place, and even the common bell was thought too heavy for her. The procession moved on, but she did not share in the general joy. After a few steps she faltered in her pace; the attendants tried to coax her on, but in vain; she stopped, and laid down, as if to die. An old herdsman

soon guessed the cause. He brought from the house a bell and collar, such as the cow had often been used to bear; and no sooner did she feel them on her neck, than she rose from the ground, bounded gaily, took her place in the van, and was at once quite well.

What the exact feeling of this animal was it is difficult to determine. If it was a love of finery, it was one constantly discoverable among those gifted with reason, but always showing that reason is not allowed to act as it ought. Look, for instance, at the noble figures, whose dark skins prove that they belong to an African tribe, as they roam in their native wilds. That young chief is begrimed from head to foot with red paint, and his wife has her hair all matted together with grease, while around her neck is a necklace formed of the entrails of animals; and yet, as they are now in their best attire, they think they are very fine.

But we may turn to others nearer home. Look, again, at that May-day procession. See those human beings, three-fourths dirty and one-fourth clean, adorned with various colours, all bedizened with gilt and tinsel, dancing about the green, which is borne

wherever they go: they also think they are very fine.

And often we may observe others, whose gaudy hues and ill-assorted clothes show that the same feeling is at work. It may be, that so glaring is their attire, that the passers-by cannot fail to notice them, while each one says to himself as he turns away, "They think they are very fine."

And they *only* think so; all who judge wisely hold a very different opinion. Nor is this all; the lovers of finery are not only despised by others, but they are often in danger of great evils. It has frequently appeared that the young have committed theft to gratify their passion for fine clothes; and from the same feeling, crimes have been perpetrated which have been punished with death. And when these evils do not arise, others may. "Buy what you do not want," says the proverb, "and you will soon have to sell what you cannot spare." When one young person complained to another that her money went too fast, while her friend, receiving less money, always had more, the latter replied, "I make it a rule never to spend anything in ''tis buts.'" On the

meaning of this phrase being asked, the reply was, "I constantly hear people say, 'I should like this and that, '*tis but* threepence,' or '*'tis but* fourpence,' or '*'tis but* sixpence,' and I thus their money oozes away in drops. Never spend your money in ''tis buts!'"

Wise and kind parents will dress their children not finely, but well. They will give them light clothes in summer, and nice thick warm ones in winter. The attire of children, too, will be according to their station in life. They will be taught that finery is not comfort or respectability; it is often the contrary of both; and that clothes of good materials, and simple in their shape, are always becoming. When the celebrated Dr. Franklin was in France, his daughter, who was in America, wrote to him for feathers and lace; he replied, that "if she wore her ruffles as long as he wore his, she would have lace, and that she might obtain feathers from any fine bird on which she could lay her hands." I should be surprised if she ever asked for them again.

Think, then, my young friends, rightly of dress; whence indeed are the costliest garments obtained? From the plumage of

birds, the skins of animals, the products of insects; even dust and pebbles contribute to adorn them. How absurd is pride in dress!

Think, too, that no clothes, however fine, can improve the mind or heart of the wearer. Put a purple robe on an ignorant youth, place a diamond necklace on an ill-tempered girl, and they will remain just what they were.

Think, also, of the solemn fact of which all dress is a memorial: but for sin, it would never have covered the limbs, or occupied for a moment the attention of the mind; and sin is our shame.



TRY!

Little folks may have troubles, and great they may seem
To those who will only recount them;
But the greatest may vanish away like a dream,
If only you *try* to surmount them.

Put forth your whole mind, and you'll quickly perceive,
While youth yet exults in its prime,
That what you call wonders e'en you may achieve,
By trying one thing at a time.

ONE day a little boy was learning to write, he had surmounted the difficulty of straight strokes—for difficult they are at first—and a harder copy was set. The child looked at it again and again, but at the sight he was greatly disheartened; it seemed impossible that he could form such lines, and

bursting into tears, he said, "I cannot do it."

His judicious and kind friend and tutor did not chide him, but taking him by the hand, soothed his troubled spirit, and said. "The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly shiver and shrink at the sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibilities they fear:—TRY!" The pupil returned to his task with new confidence; the trifling difficulty he felt was soon overcome; but the lesson he had received was a lesson for life. Often did he relate this incident with interest. "Try," was constantly his motto, and he urged others also to make it theirs.

To show what regard to it will do, let us look at Mr. Moffat, the African missionary. A long journey was determined on as very desirable, but, alas! there was only one wagon, and that, he says, "was a cripple;" what was to be done? No smiths nor carpenters were to be found in that desert, and the missionary had not been used to work at the bench or the anvil;—but I will let him tell his own tale. "After ruminating for a day or two on what I had seen in smiths'

shops in Cape Town, I resolved on making a trial, and got a native bellows, made of goat's skin, to the neck end of which was attached the horn of an elk, and at the other end two parallel sticks were fastened, which were opened by the hand in drawing it back, and closed when pressed forward, but making a puffing like something broken-winded. The iron was only red hot after a good perspiration, when I found I must give it up as a bad job, observing to the chief, if I must accompany him, it must be on the back of an ox. Reflecting again on the importance of having a wagon for the purpose of carrying food, when game happened to be killed, (for our sole dependence was on the success of hunting,) and Africaner evidently not liking, on my account, to go without a wagon, I set my brains again to work, to try and improve on the bellows—for it was wind I wanted; though I had never welded a bit of iron in my life, there was nothing like 'Try.' I engaged the chief to have two goats killed, the largest on the station, and their skins prepared entire, in the native way, till they were as soft as cloth. These skins now resembled bags, the open ends of which I nailed to the

edge of a circular piece of board, in which was a valve; one end of the machine was connected with the fire, and had a weight on it to force out the wind, when the other end was drawn out to supply more air. This apparatus was no sooner completed than it was put to the test, and the result answered satisfactorily, in a steady current of air; and soon I had all the people around me, to witness my operations with the new-fangled bellows. Here I sat receiving their praises, but heartily wishing their departure, lest they should laugh at my burning the first bit of iron I took in my hands to weld. A blue granite stone was my anvil; a clumsy pair of tongs, indicative of Vulcan's first efforts; and a hammer never intended for the work of a forge. My first essay was with some trepidation, for I did not like so many lookers-on; success, however, crowned my efforts, to the no small delight of the spectators."

John Hunter obtained great celebrity, and was the means of doing great good to multitudes, by adopting the same motto, "Try!" He often told his friends that for thirty years, summer and winter, the sun

never found him in bed. He used to say, "I never have any difficulties: a thing either can be done, or it cannot. If it can be done, I may as well do it as another, if I will take equal pains; if it cannot be done, I will not attempt to do it."

There was also a school-boy who ought not to be forgotten. While others were at play, he was engaged in mechanical contrivances, either imitating something he had seen, or carrying out a plan of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he learned to use with great dexterity. A windmill was being erected not far from where he lived, and he so often and attentively observed the workmen, that he became acquainted with all its machinery. He now tried to make a model of it, which was frequently placed on the top of the house, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. Not content with thus imitating the windmill, he formed the idea of driving his model by animal power, and for this purpose he shut up in it a mouse, which he called the miller, and which was made to give motion to the

machine. Some say the mouse was made to advance, by pulling a string attached to its tail; while others allege that its power was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel.

Another machine of his was a water-clock, made out of a box he had obtained from a friend; it was about four feet high, and somewhat like a common house-clock. The hand of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either rose or fell by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bedroom he supplied it every morning with the water it required, and it was used as a clock by the family. If, however, he thus occupied himself, and scarcely ever joined in the common games of his schoolfellows, he found great pleasure in improving their amusements. He taught them first how to fly paper kites, and took great pains in determining their best shapes and sizes, and the place and number of the points by which the string should be fastened. Nor was he less attentive to his young female friends; it was one of his most agreeable occupations to construct for them little

tables and cupboards, and other utensils for holding their dolls and their trinkets.

Throughout his future life, "Try" was his motto, and what was the consequence? That schoolboy became Sir Isaac Newton, whose "achievements," it has been said, "carry him forward on the stream of time with a reputation ever gathering, and the trumpet of a distinction that will never die."



GOOD TEMPER.

'Tis not enough to do the thing
  That we are charged to do;
The *way* in which the thing is done
  Should still be kept in view.

It may be done with scowling looks,
  And words of discontent;
Or show, though done quite silently,
  It was not kindly meant.

But when I see a parent's will,
  Or friend's, obeyed with pleasure,
I say, "The spirit of that child
  Will prove to it a treasure."
While every time a child gives way
  To tempers cross and sour,
It drives all pleasure from its breast,
  And gives them greater power.

An interesting account is given us of the effect of training the elephant. These animals are stalled at the foot of some large tree, which shelters them during the day from the

extreme heat of the sun. They stand under this tree, and to it they are chained by their hind legs.

Early in the morning the keeper makes his appearance from his hovel, and throws the keys down to the elephants, who immediately unlock the padlocks of the chains, loose themselves, and, says the narrator, "in the politest manner return the keys to the keeper." They then proceed with him to the nearest forest, and as soon as they arrive there, begin breaking down the branches of the trees, choosing those that are the most agreeable to their taste, and arranging them in two large fagots. When they have collected as much as they think they require, they make withes, and bind up their two fagots, and then twist another to connect the two, so that they may hang over their backs, one on each side; and having thus made their provision, they return home. The keeper may or may not be present during this time: all depends on whether the elephants are well-trained, or have been long in servitude. On their return, the elephants pass the chains round their legs, lock the padlock, and present the key as before.

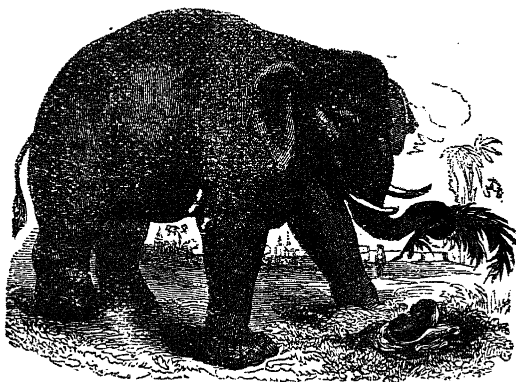
Here, then, is an instance of doing what is required, and doing it pleasantly. And in this way Uncle William wishes all his young friends to act. They will sometimes be interrupted in what they are doing, to attend to those whom it becomes them to obey; but whenever they are, they should show no disturbance of temper, but do what is required with hearty good will. Another elephant, of which I have read, gave proof that he could do so. But first, another fact or two in reference to these creatures.

When a party of elephants have gathered in a neighbouring forest the branches of trees they require, and have returned to the tree where they are accustomed to find a shade, they amuse themselves with their repast, eating all the leaves and tender shoots, and rejecting the rest. When one of them has eaten enough, he usually chooses a long bough, and pulling off all the side branches, leaves a bush at the end, forming a sort of whisk, to keep off the flies and musquitoes, which get into the cracks and crannies of an elephant's thick hide. Sometimes he will put the end of his trunk down in the dust, draw up as much of it as he can, and turning

his trunk over his head, pour it out over his skin, powdering and filling up these places. This being done, he will take the long branch already described, and amuse himself by flapping it right and left, and in all directions about his body, wherever the insects may settle.

In this way an elephant was one day employed, when the keeper brought a little black child, and laid it down before the animal, saying, in Hindostanee, "Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant did not object to this interruption, but immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child. Gently did he fan the little creature, driving off every musquito that approached, for upwards of two hours, until the keeper returned. And how, it may be asked, could he have done better?

An ape on board a vessel, of which I have read, was of a very different disposition. At sunset, when he was desirous of retiring to rest, he would approach his friends, uttering his peculiar chirping note, a beseeching sound, begging to be taken into their arms; and his



request once acceded to, he clung closely to the person who took him, and any attempt to remove him was followed by violent screams. When refused, or disappointed at anything, he would lie on the deck, roll about, throw his arms and legs in various directions, and dash everything aside that might be within his reach. Correction reduced him in a short time to obedience, and the violence of his temper by such means became, at length, in some degree checked.

Of all the stories I have ever read of elephants, I only remember one of ill temper. It is the following:—An army in India was ordered to march, and the elephants were called forth to carry the tents. One of them submitted for a time, and, at length, he uttered his complaints, but they were not regarded, and another tent was put upon him. He now became sulky, and when ordered to go on, he did so; but in what way? He threw his trunk in the air, shrieked his indignation, and set off at a trot, which was about equal in speed to a horse's gallop, knocking down all that came in his way, and producing the greatest confusion.

I have often thought of this elephant, or

the ape just referred to, when I have seen a child pouting and crying as it proceeded to do what it was told, or knocking down anything that was near. Oh, what a sad sight is a cross-grained, ill-tempered, passionate child!

An elephant or an ape is, after all, an irrational creature; we may make, therefore, some excuse for a fit of disobedience: but none can be made for a child in a pet. Have you ever been so? Ask God to help you so to watch your spirit, that you may never be ill-tempered again.



GREAT DOINGS.



"Make way, sir, make way, I would have you to see
That you are not thus to trifle with me;
I'll show you, whenever I speak, I'll be heard,
Nor from doing whatever I please be deterred."

Do you hear the young boaster? He'd soon find a cure,
If some real evil he had to endure;
Were the danger but slight, such a hero would fly;
The brave never carry their foreheads so high.

He is just like a goat, of whom I've heard say,
He was a great tyrant when left to his way;
But lay hold of his beard, and the insolent knave,
All humbled and quaking, your pity would crave.

"OH, dear Uncle William, how could you think of such a thing! How can this boy, who supposes he is so great, be like the goat that was so soon humbled? I wonder what he will say, if he hears your comparison."

"He will say I am right, my child, if he

learns to think justly. Now listen to the tale. There was a goat, unusually large in size, and very strong. He ought to have kept in the stable-yard, his proper place, but he mounted the walls and roofs, entered the garden, and would go where he liked. He was, too, as mischievous as he was saucy. He cropped what he should have left alone, upset pots, and glasses, and milk-pails; overturned bee-hives, and knocked down poles or ladders, and broke windows. He chased the hens, fought the dogs, and knocked down children. He might be seen stalking up and down, with all the airs of importance he could put on. But this was mere bravado. Only let some one go up to him, and take him by the beard, and he would tremble, and bleat, and lick the sides of his mouth, and be one of the veriest slaves, as he had before been one of the greatest of tyrants. Just so it is in other circumstances: those who talk most, generally do least; the braggart is always the first to fly; and hence I wish you to be as much unlike such people as possible.

I will tell you a story of such a person. He was accustomed to boast very largely of

his strength and freedom from fear, and to threaten that he would do as he pleased to all who came in his way. It happened, however, one night, that he had to pass a solitary and miry lane, in which, unless the steps were carefully taken along the narrow causeway of stone, there was danger of going up to the knees in mud or water. And as he went along, like the boy who, passing through the churchyard in the evening, "whistled aloud to keep his courage up," so did he indulge in his usual boasting, doubtless for the same purpose.

He was, however, about half-a-mile distant from the village, when he heard an awful sound, between a low roar and a groan, and though full six feet high, and strong also, the *brave* fellow took to his heels, and scampered away with all his might. As speedily as he could he sought refuge in a public-house by the road-side, and in a great fright and perspiration he told all present of the dreadful noises he had heard. A lady and her maid were passing the lane at the same time; they saw the flight of this hero, but when they came up to the spot where he was so suddenly thrown into a panic, all that they could

hear was some person in the hedge laughing most outrageously. And who was this? It was an old man with whom they had long been acquainted, who told them that knowing what cowards such braggarts were, and hearing this man about to pass, he got behind a bush, on purpose to put his mettle to the test, that he had made all the noise which had produced the alarm, and that never did he see any one so soon frightened or so fleet of foot.

Well might he laugh at so contemptible a person. True courage will not shrink from danger when it is necessary or desirable to encounter it. Of this, the following fact is a proof. A few years ago, a flood in the Alps caused great distress to many, and the keeper of a bridge and his family were exposed to imminent danger from the rising of the waters. A count passing by, offered a purse of gold to any one who would rescue them. A peasant, who had been looking on for a moment, immediately got into a boat, skilfully conducted it to the bridge, and thus saved the whole family amidst the shouts of the spectators. The count presented to their deliverer the purse of gold, but he at once



declined the reward. "I will never," he said, "expose my life for money: myself, my wife, and my children live on my labour; give the purse to this poor family who have lost all."

There! what say you to this? Here is true greatness of mind. The courage that could encounter danger for the sake of others, is combined with true generosity. Now, what do you suppose I should guess? You think, perhaps, that difficult to say. Well, then, I should guess that the Italian peasant who rescued that perishing family from the waters, was not used to boast. He who is prepared to do much, is generally one who says little of his own doings.

Would you like to have a similar tale? Here is one for you:—A gentleman was travelling near Philadelphia, when a little girl, about two years old, who had left a small house by the road-side, was lying basking in the sun, in the middle of the road. About two hundred yards before he reached the little creature, the teams of three wagons carelessly left by their drivers while they drank at an inn, started off, and came nearly abreast, galloping down the road.

The English traveller got his gig off the road as quickly as possible, but greatly feared lest the poor child should be crushed to pieces. At this moment a young man, a carpenter, who was roofing a shed by the roadside, seeing the child, and aware of its danger, jumped from the shed, ran into the road, and snatched up the child when scarcely an inch before the hoof of the leading horse. The horse's leg actually knocked him down; but, catching the child by its clothes, he flung it out of the way of the other horses, and saved himself by rolling back with surprising agility.

The mother of the child rushed out of her dwelling, where she appeared to have been busily employed, caught up the child at this moment, hugged it in her arms, and uttering a loud shriek, dropped down as if dead. On the application of the usual means, she was, however, soon restored; and the traveller, anxious to proceed, asked the carpenter if he were related to the parents of the child. He said he was not. "Then," said the traveller, "you merit the gratitude of every father and mother in the world, and I will show you mine by giving you what I have,"

pulling out the money he had in his pocket. But what was the reply? "No, I thank you, sir; I have only done what it was my duty to do."

I cannot tell you how those words strike on my mind: "I have only done what it was my duty to do." For what does our duty include? That we should "love God with all the heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves." Had we, then, loved God supremely—had we loved others just as ourselves are loved, every moment of our lives—we should only have done that which is required of us. We could have claimed no merit then. There would not have been a single deed, or word, or thought, in which we could glory. As God is the giver of all good, we should only have surrendered to him that which was his own. But we have not done this; in every instance of failure we have sinned: who can tell, then, the number of his iniquities?

How great, then, is our need of the redemption of Christ! "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a

good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. v. 6—8. Infinitely does the salvation he has wrought surpass any other. How deep, then, should be the humility of all his disciples, though they give to him all they have, and all they are!

Well then may we say, as Thomas did, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life," John vi. 68.



CLEANLINESS.

A sweep may have a dirty face,
  And dirty hands and feet;
His labours make them no disgrace,
  Unless, when he has left the street,
    He likes to keep them so,
    As if pure water were a foe.

Yet only toils like his can find
  Excuse for such a skin;
To cleanliness all should be inclined
  Who wish respect to win:
    For dirty folks, we cannot doubt,
    Are wrong within, and wrong without.

ONE of the things which Uncle William cordially detests, is dirt. "And who can like it?" he hears some shrill voice ask.

"Many," he has no hesitation in answering, "many; in all countries, of all ages, and in all situations of life; ay, and not a few

of the young are among them." I will give you an instance, where, perhaps, you would little expect it to be found: it relates to Napoleon, a nephew of the late emperor of France. It was new year's day, and he had received from an affectionate relative a large present of toys; but he seemed indifferent to them, and looked out of the window. His mamma, disappointed at not seeing him so much pleased as she expected, was anxious to know the cause, when the following conversation took place.

"Are you not grateful to your grandmamma, for having taken so much pains to procure all these pretty things?"

"Oh! yes, mamma, I am very grateful; but you know she is always so good."

"But do not all these pretty playthings amuse you?"

"Yes, mamma, but—"

"But what?"

"I want very much—something else."

"Tell me what it is; I promise it to you, my boy."

"O mamma, but you would not, I am sure."

"Is it money for the poor?"

"No; papa gave me *that* this morning, and it is already distributed—it is—"

"Come, speak out; you know how much I love you, so that you may be sure I would begin the new year with something you would like. Come, then, my dear, what is it you want?"

"Mamma, I want to walk in that pretty *mud*, which I see out of the window; that would amuse me more than anything."

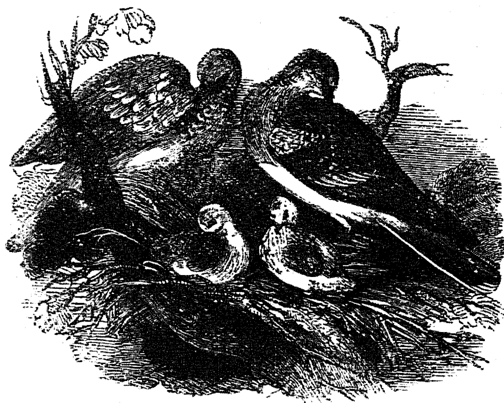
Strange as you may at first think this reply to be, the feeling it manifests is often shown. I have frequently seen little boys, with nice clean frocks and trousers, walking out after there has been rain, and instead of carefully avoiding the puddles, pass through them, and even return to do so again. In like manner, little girls will also run up and down wet mounds of earth and heaps of sand; and thus mamma blames them when they reach home, and says that they are not fit to be seen.

Now, all this is what ought not to be. Look around, and you will see everywhere in nature neatness and cleanliness. Leaves are so formed as to prevent the lodgment of what would soil them, while the dry dust

which is sometimes collected is washed away by the first shower. Though plants grow from the earth, and it might cling to them in various ways; yet a dirty plant is scarcely ever seen.

Equally rare is a dirty animal. The mole and the earthworm, though living in the soil, are without a stain; and even the snail is clean. One remarkable instance of cleanliness is often before you; it appears in the domestic cat. Mark that soft-furred and sleek-looking creature, as she comes and takes her wonted place on the rug before the fire. How diligent, too, is she in cleaning the fur of the kitten, that is permitted to accompany her; and even the kitten may be observed dressing itself assiduously, as soon as it can run about!

Nestling birds show the same care. A short time after they are able to open their eyes, and before the downy covering which they wear at first is replaced by feathers, they may be seen turning round their heads, and trimming with their beaks all the bits of down and the ends of the sprouting feathers within their reach. How diligent older birds are in this respect may be easily seen.



Nibbling every plumelet with its beak, the bird soon succeeds in restoring them to their proper place, and freeing them from whatever may cause inconvenience.

And now I think I see some of my young friends smile, and look at one another very knowingly. Ah! I know the cause: they think they have caught Uncle William out: and if they had, he would be quite ready to listen to them, and to acknowledge he was wrong, as soon as he had discovered he was, and to thank them for setting him right. He ought to do so very heartily; for they would have rendered him a real service.

But this is not the case now. I see one observing a lark in a cage rubbing his breast, with great eagerness, amongst the dry mould at the side of its withered turf; and pointing to the bird, there is the notion—and one after another is receiving it—that what I have stated must be an error; but I know the fact. I know, too, that barn-door fowls, and even chickens, rub themselves in the dust, but it is from the same cleanly feeling of which I have been speaking, and is supposed to free them from the insects that annoy them

Have you a cage-bird? If you would

keep it a long time healthy and active, cleanliness is absolutely necessary. "We love birds," you say: Bechstein remarks, "No, I reply; you love yourselves, not them, if you neglect to keep them clean."

If then a want of cleanliness will make you, my young friend, unlike the plants and animals around you, you should also remember that it will greatly injure your health, that most precious gift which those who lose it feel the value of every hour.

Here let me tell you something about that wonderful dwelling of the soul, which is called the body. In addition to perspiration, many ounces of matter go off from it every twenty-four hours. How, then, does it pass away? It is through the pores of the skin. Let its course be checked, and cold and inflammation ensue; and when the skin is so injured that it cannot act, death follows. How desirable it is, then, that the skin should be kept clean!

The skin, too, receives, or absorbs, as it is called, as well as carries off. Persons who have been shipwrecked, seeking the preservation of life in an open boat, and suffering greatly from thirst, have found that inward rage relieved, when a heavy shower has fallen

and made their clothes thoroughly wet; the skin has, in fact, drank it in.

When, then, the body is not cleanly, it may suffer from the perspiration being checked; it may suffer also from what is left on the skin being taken up, and carried into the general circulation; it is as if it took in poison. Can we, then, wonder that dirty people are so often unhealthy?

Try, then, and remember these facts; they may be of service to you through life. And while you think of outward cleanliness, forget not the unspeakable importance of inward purity; for without holiness none shall see the Lord, Heb. xii. 14.



ADVANTAGES OVER OTHERS.

Oh! where is a land
So favour'd as mine?
Then let me rejoice,
And never repine;
But offer to God
The tribute of praise
For crowning with goodness
My earliest days.
Lord, all that I have hast thou granted to me,
Be it henceforth entirely devoted to thee.

SHALL Uncle William tell you a sin which he often deplores? It is *ingratitude*. When he considers the rich blessings bestowed on him by the hand of his heavenly Father, though he is sinful and utterly unworthy of the least of them, he often laments his hard-

ness of heart. Well may he stand ashamed and confounded in the presence of that God, who "delighteth in mercy."

And now I want to ask you, my young friends, if you are free from the same evil? Do you dwell on the blessings you enjoy till your heart warms, and your eyes fill at the remembrance of the Divine goodness, and praise is ready to gush from your lips? Stop now a few moments, and do not read any more till you have given a faithful answer. Ah! you find much reason to condemn yourselves; I thought you would. Be, then, concerned to guard against ingratitude in future. Let the goodness of God daily and hourly affect your hearts.

How great are the dangers to which some are exposed! In certain parts of the East voracious animals prowl about, eagerly making human beings their prey. Military troops in India usually move with a host of camp followers, many of them having families, and these are accompanied by numbers of young children at the breast: in some parts of India, especially in Oude, all these are kept in constant alarm, by the wolves which overrun that country.

A wolf, on entering a camp or village, proceeds silently and cautiously; he prefers an infant child, and always seizes it by the throat, thus preventing it from giving an alarm, and enabling him, from the hold he takes, to bear away the infant readily. In this way he will carry it through crowds, rushing forward on the first alarm. Often, when closely pursued, especially if struck by a stick or stone, he will drop the child; but if it be not immediately taken away, the wolf will turn to the spot, and snap it up again.

When a wolf is seen by the sentinels, who dare not fire among such crowds of people, a general shout and pursuit takes place; and yet the wolves are so bold, that three or four children are carried off, or, at least, seized and dropped, in one night. Many are taken from the very arms of their mothers, though covered with quilts, and surrounded perhaps by a dozen persons. So subtilely does the wolf proceed, that often a child is taken from its mother's breast, and is not missed till the morning, when the parent first becomes acquainted with her loss. The cries of the bereaved mothers

cannot be described; they distress the feelings of all around during the day, and at night, I suppose, destroy the rest of all who have the least pity for the sufferers.

There are perils of very different kinds to that which arises from prowling wolves. Let us look, then, at another fact. The banks of the Rhone are in most places precipitous; but the ground becoming occasionally less steep, allows the formation of soil, and when this is too steep for the husbandman, it becomes richly clad with the larch. The hardy Switzer, however, if he can plough up or delve into such a spot, eagerly seizes it, and soon makes it into a garden. In the midst of this he builds a cottage of dark red logs of larch, which have been so often admired. To cônnect these eagle-nest patches together, as Captain Basil Hall calls them, bridges are thrown across the ravine; and to supply the people with bread, mills are built as near as they can be to the edge of the stream. "Thus," he says, "wherever it is possible amongst the Alps for the foot of man to plant itself, little villages start up, enriched by gardens, and decked by the church steeple, which never fails to meet

the eye in a Swiss community, however small or however poor, or, I may add, however exposed it may occasionally be to the ravages of such a debacle, or mountain torrent, as swept out the poor valley of the Dranse in 1818."

This popular writer has described the results of this catastrophe, as he beheld them, and of which the following is a condensed account. Many houses had been swept away, and all that remained showed that they had been invaded by the flood, which, even where the valley was widest, had risen to the height of ten feet. Higher up, the torrent had been much deeper. All the hedges, garden walls, and other boundary lines and landmarks, were buried under one mass of substances which had been reduced to powder. In every house there lay matter several feet in thickness, through which passages were obliged to be cut along the streets, as we see roads cut in the snow after a storm. On that side of every building which faced up the valley, and against which the stream was directed, there was under all a pile of large stones, then a layer of trees, with their tattered branches lying one way,

and their roots the other. Next came a net-work of timber, beams of houses, broken doors, fragments of mill-wheels, shafts of carts, handles of ploughs, and all the wreck and ruin of the numerous villages which the torrent had first torn to pieces and then swept down the valley in one confused mass. What a melancholy picture is thus presented to the mind!

In circumstances free from such calamities as those now described, there are other and very serious evils. What ignorance and superstition prevail at this hour in many parts of the earth! The people of Esthonia, for example, are remarkably given to the arts of magic, and every other superstition. The trees, caverns, groves, and hills, which their forefathers accounted sacred, are con sidered especially so among their descendants. At Easter they bring gifts of sticks, branches, and garlands, in some cases; and meat and coins, in others. They venerate certain trees as the abodes of great and powerful spirits; and so far do they go, that they will not allow a single berry or flower to be picked which grows beneath their shade, much less a branch to be broken off from them. They

see the "kurrar," or evil spirit, at work in every nook and corner; and it is not uncommon for the whole peasantry of a village to arm themselves with scythes, flails, and whips, for the purpose of driving him out.

Many days are considered unlucky, of which Thursday is one. They never point at the moon with their finger, because if they did they say it will not hereafter turn to dust. They throw every calamity for a month to come on the moon. Nor is it among these people only that such evils prevail. Grievous superstitions are apparent in other places. And *you* might have lived in the midst of them. And though your lot is cast in England, even here, be it remembered, there are multitudes whose necessities and sufferings are very great.

In a Sunday school, opened for children in the most destitute circumstances in London, a lad was asked by a teacher where he lived, but he made no answer, and turned his head away. A little boy in the same class said that this lad lived nowhere. The teacher, surprised at such a statement, inquired what it meant, when the little boy told him that the father and mother of the other were dead; that no

one had taken care of him for two years; that he was accustomed to sleep under carts, or in sheds, or in a pig's-sty, which was sometimes granted him, but which could not always be allowed. The bereaved lad made no remark while this explanation was given; he stood still and wept. He was at this time nearly naked; the upper part of his body only being covered with a small piece of brown holland. Another boy here remarked, "He always comes down our street at night, and I give him a bit of my supper, or he would have none at all." "That's true," replied a third; "and, though he is so poor, he always keeps himself clean, for he goes down every morning early, and well washes himself in the Thames."

Ought not you, then, to be thankful? Thankful for your preservation from a thousand evils? Thankful for the comforts with which you are favoured? Thankful for the privileges which every day, and especially every sabbath day, brings before you? May God give to every one of you, my dear young friends, and to me also, a spirit of gratitude

PLAY.

Come, play when you play with hearty good cheer;
As children, you may have some fun;
Such gambols so pleasant and healthful appear,
Your friends cannot wish you had none.

Should any wrong feeling arise in your breast,
To trouble a sister or brother,
Then let this great evil at once be repress'd,
And prove that you love one another.

Nor ever forget that the weak and the ill
Have to kindness and succour a claim;
It is thoughtless and cruel to indulge your own will,
And always a sin and a shame.

"What can be the matter now? Come, dry up your tears, and tell me what has happened." Such are the words of many a mother, as she sees one of her children returning from the place of their usual gambols, crying and murmuring.

She finds from the reply, that Susan has inched Mary; that John struck Thomas; or hat little Edward was pushed down. It night be supposed, so loud is the screaming, o frequent the sobs, and so abundant the ears, that great harm had been done; and et, after careful examination, no bruise nor cratch is found. As violent showers are oon over, so in these cases the angry feeling uickly subsides, and when the redness of the yes is gone, no trace of the mischief remains.

It is, however, worth while for a careful parent to find out the cause of the complaint, n order to guard against its being repeated. In doing so, it will appear, perhaps, that the pain felt was owing entirely to accident, and that the little boy or girl who caused it really suffered more than the other who made so much noise. But it may have been otherwise. Some children, when offended by their playmates, pinch, or scratch, or strike, in a moment; and I have known instances when, from sudden and violent passion, anything near has been seized to increase the blow. Great mischief may thus be done, as by a heavy stone or a knife.

An ape called Ungka may suggest a lesson

worthy remembrance. In a playful manner he would roll on the deck of a ship with a child that was there, as if in a mock combat, pushing with his feet, (which had great muscular power,) entwining his long arms around her, and pretending to bite; or, seizing a rope, he would swing towards her, and, when efforts were made to seize him, would elude the grasp by swinging away; or he would, by way of changing the plan of attack, drop suddenly on her from the ropes aloft, and then engage in various playful antics. He would play in a similar manner with adults; but, finding them usually too strong and rough for him, he preferred children, giving up his games with them if any adults joined in the sports at the same time.

If, however, an attempt was made by the child to play with him, when he had no inclination, or after he had sustained some disappointment, he usually made a slight impression with his teeth on her arm, just sufficient to act as a warning, or a sharp hint that no liberties were to be taken with his person; or, as the child would say, "Ungka no like play now." Not unfrequently, a

string being tied to his leg, the child would amuse herself by dragging the patient animal about the deck; this he would good-naturedly bear for some time, thinking, perhaps, it amused his little playmate; but finding it last longer than he expected, he became tired of that fun, in which he had no share, except in being the sufferer; he would then make endeavours to disengage himself and retire. If he found his efforts fruitless, he would quietly walk up to the child, make an impression with his teeth, according to his treatment; a hint which terminated the sport, and procured him his liberty.

Now, many a child may be found like Ungka. He is not inclined to play, and he is forced to do so, or he is made to play at something all the fun of which is enjoyed by his companion. And here is the cause of his being cross, and to this may be traced the blow that has been given, and which has produced such loud lamentations.

But here comes a question. My young reader, do you belong to the class of peevish and quarrelsome mortals? When I looked at you just now, you laughed and appeared amiable, as you ought to be. But I have

found you out. No sooner did you hear the word *quarrelsome*, than the red colour rose on your cheeks, and mounted to your forehead; and who cannot understand the tale it told? Come, then, take my hand, and let us just go out of doors to see what there is to notice.

Why here, at the very door, are the kittens basking in the bright sunshine. Here is Tit lying in the iron scraper; but look, she raises her head a little, for she sees Tat gravely marching forth from under a shrub. In a moment, you see, she has sprung on her companion; over they have rolled together: how gaily they are now tapping one another! but their claws are sheathed. There they have another hearty roll; and now Tat pursues her way, having enjoyed the sport; quite ready, doubtless, to spring on Tit, and have another game of romps the first opportunity. Cannot you learn something from them?

It is a warm spring day; let us go and observe the surface of that pond; ah! there they are; look, and you will see a number of little black, shining beetles, wheeling round and round, in a sort of a circle, in a



PARROTS AT PLAY.

strange variety of figures. What are they about? Seeking for prey? Oh no! Their movements are all in play. Greatly they enjoy it; but were you to watch them for hours, yet, however crowded might be the face of the pool, you would not observe one trouble another. Cannot you, then, learn something from them?

Another instance of the same kind occurs to me. Every day, at the same hour, the African damask parrots fly to the water to bathe themselves. In doing so they take much delight. As only the purest water will please them, they have often to go a great distance; yet all the flocks of the neighbourhood assemble with much activity and noise. They may then be seen rolling over each other on the banks of the water, frolicking together, dipping their heads and wings, and scattering the water over all their plumage. When this is done, they return to the trees on which they had before assembled, where they sit to adjust and trim their feathers. And cannot you learn something from them?

What a contrast is there between the movements of these little creatures and the conduct of ill tempered, turbulent children!

I have known a child say of another with whom there has been a quarrel: "I know he *hates* me—I know she *hates* me." And yet the accused knew nothing of such a feeling, while it prevailed in the bosom of the accuser.

Uncle William has seen much of men and things in the course of his life, and he is obliged to confess, though he does it with pain, that the feeling of tender regard for others, which he wishes were universal, is still rare, very rare. Unhappily, children often tease and torment one another. One perhaps is irritable, or awkward, or personally deformed, and the rest, instead of cherishing pity, manifest unkindness, and often cruelty. It ought to be otherwise; if there is one of the family who suffers in any way, the rest should suffer with it. I could press to my "heart of hearts," the brothers or the sisters who would try to the uttermost to aid or amuse such a one. I love—yes, dearly do I love, the child that gives up his play-time to talk to and read with a little invalid, shut up in his chamber, or compelled to lie, hour after hour, on his couch.

Happy would it be if children acted as

Dr. Watts has taught them to do, when he said:—

> "I'll not willingly offend,
> Nor be easily offended,
> What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
> And endure what can't be mended."

That would indeed be wisdom. An excellent man, who is now in heaven, said to a friend of mine, after being absent from his native land many years, "That verse has carried me round the world." Always remember it, then, my young friend, and if you do, I can foretel one thing without fear of failure; that while you thus give much more pleasure to others, you will have much more pleasure than others.



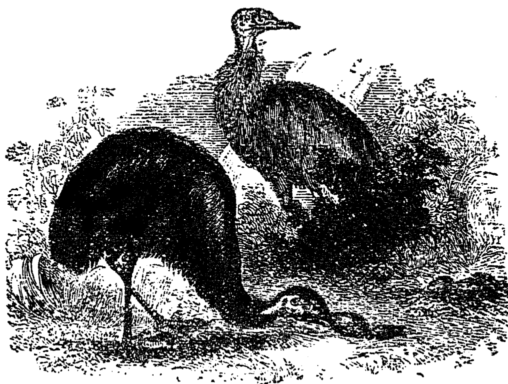
RIGHT WORDS.

How often a child has in fretfulness said,
  "I am sure it has *always* been so!"
As if there were stored, in its own little head,
  What happen'd some ages ago.

Suppose that some one, in the darkness of night,
  Were close to his bedside to creep,
I ask, would he think it quite proper or right,
  To say, "He is always *asleep?*"

Then use the best word you can possibly find,
  To convey what's precisely the case;
Or else, by loose talking, you'll injure your mind,
  And incur both distress and disgrace.

It has been said, that the tongue would not have had the double fence of the teeth and the lips, except to guard against its moving too nimbly; and truly it needs much control. Some persons are fond of



THE EMEU

employing strong words, and in this they err. One of these is, "always;" let us see, then, how it should be used. A pair of emus were at the Zoological Society's farm, near Kingston. The female at different times dropped nine eggs in various places in the pen in which she was confined. Of these the male took care, rolling them along gently and care fully with his beak, and then sitting upon them himself. He did so for nine weeks, during which time he was never observed to leave the nest, nor did the female ever take his place. She appeared to be equally indifferent when the young were hatched; he alone took care of them. Now, some would say, "Oh, then, the male emus *always* hatch and bring up the young." But this would not be right, for a female emu at Chiswick laid some eggs; there was no male bird, and she collected them together, and sat on them herself.

I have taken "always" only as a specimen of strong words which ought never to be used, except when truth requires them to be uttered. How often have I heard young persons say they were "delighted," when they felt little or no pleasure; and that they were "very sorry," when they had not felt the

slightest pain! Frequently do they use the words "great" and "splendid," when the objects they describe warrant no such expression. Other things are with them "wretched" and "contemptible," which ought to be considered far otherwise. And many a declaration about "hundreds" or "thousands" of people, if examined, would be found to apply only to a score, or probably half that number.

It would seem strange, were a nobleman to wear a splendid court dress when he rode on horseback through the streets, or an architect to place large columns in every room of a house, or a painter to use his deepest colours in every part of his picture; and yet equally out of place are these strong words in the greater number of cases in which they are used.

A little boy, who I believe was not more than four years of age, showed that he felt the importance of what I am now urging on all my young friends to whom this book will come. His father had been taking a walk one morning, when he found there was a small hole in one of his black silk stockings, which he was wearing over others of white

cotton. On papa's return home, mamma was engaged in mending this hole, when William entered the room, and ascertaining what had happened, asked if papa had taken his walk with the hole in his stocking. "I suppose," said mamma, "you would have been very much delighted if he had." "No, mamma," said William, "not delighted, only diverted." And when mamma asked what difference he could find between delighted and diverted, he replied, "We say delighted, mamma, when something pleases us very much; we say diverted when it is something very funny."

All words that are courteous are plenteous and cheap,
As any the lips can express;
Then let me refuse not this pleasure to reap;
Nor suffer the shame and distress,
Of being uncivil, unkind, and ungrateful,
Giving strength to the feelings which ought to be hateful.

An eminent man, whom I have often seen, and who died not long since, was, when a child, seized by a profligate fellow, who held him over a parapet of the bridge where the river Dove is deep, profanely declaring that if the child did not utter what was very wrong, he would drop him into the water What was his reply? "Never! you may

kill me if you choose, but I never will." The man held him for several minutes, continuing his threat; but finding it vain, he let him go without injury, while the child must have had the approval of his conscience for firmly resisting what he knew to be sinful.

Into the use of the tongue, be it remembered, the eternal Judge will one day strictly inquire. With God nothing is great, nothing is little; so that, when we stand at his dread tribunal, he will clearly recollect all the words we ever uttered, and we shall remember them too. Let us speak now as we shall then wish we had spoken.



ATTENTION TO OTHERS.

If you're without pity, then do not complain,
If left all alone in your sorrow;
Or, if you ask help, your plea may be vain,
If you lend not, but only can borrow.
First ask, "Would I do it?" if so, you may go,
And look for the aid of another;
But if not, and your only reply should be "No,"
Blame yourself; there is none for your brother.
Say not, "It's unkind," or an "ill-natured whim,"
You should only ask what you would freely grant him.

A GENTLEMAN was visiting the house of a lady, and when he went away, her little daughter opened the door to let him out. "I wish you a better office, my dear," he said, "Yes, sir," was the reply, "to let you in!" Can you have any doubt that she was a kind and well-behaved little girl?

I was once walking in a garden with a little boy, who was showing me the parts of it allotted to himself and his two brothers. As I passed on, I stopped to gather some currants from a bush, but he asked me not to do so. "Those," he said, "belong to Frederick, and those to Charles, who are now from home, and I should like them to have the fruit when they return; but here, you see, mine are quite ripe; please to take some of these." This was truly gratifying, and I loved that little boy more dearly for his thoughtfulness.

His request reminded me of a pleasing circumstance. A very poor and aged man was busy in planting and grafting an apple tree, when some one rudely asked, "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" With great calmness he raised himself up, and, leaning on his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit: I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone." I should think that the old man had once been a kind little boy.

In other cases a similar feeling appears. A

horse happening to stray into the road, a neighbour of its owner put the animal into the pound, and soon after meeting him, he told him what he had done, and added, "And next time I catch him in the road, I will do so again." "Neighbour," replied the owner of the horse, "I looked out of my window in the night, not long since, and saw your cattle in my meadows, and I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; and next time they stray in this manner, I will do so again." Struck with a reply so truly Christian, the man liberated the horse, and paid the charges himself.

During a war in Germany, which I well remember, some soldiers in a foraging party called at the house of a venerable man, demanding aid. He led them forth, and on arriving at a field of fine corn, they said, "This will do;" but he begged them to proceed a little further: having done so, he pointed to a field, which he said was quite at their service. The soldiers observing that this was inferior to the last, thought that the aged man was cunningly passing off what was inferior on them, and hastily demanded the reason he did not let them take the former His reply

was a noble one: "That field was my neighbour's; this is my own."

Another fact is equally deserving remembrance. Captain, afterwards Sir David Baird having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ally, an East-Indian chief, was, with other British officers, thrown into prison. The wounds he had received were not merely unhealed, but in a state which threatened mortification, and his general health was rapidly declining. When he and his companions had languished some time in confinement, one of Ally's officers appeared, bearing with him fetters weighing nine pounds each, which were intended for the unhappy prisoners. To resist was useless; they therefore submitted. On the officer coming to the captain, one of his companions sprang forward, and urged the cruelty of fettering limbs still festering with wounds, from one of which a ball had been recently extracted, and stated that death was likely to follow such treatment. The reply was, "that as many fetters had been sent as there were prisoners, and that they must all be put on;" then said the noble advocate of his wounded friend, "Put a double pair on me, so that Captain Baird may be spared wearing them."



CAPTAIN BAIRD A PRISONER

This moved the officer, a delay arose, the irons were dispensed with, and the captive in the dungeon of Seringapatam was spared to become its conqueror, and, for a time, its master.

I will give you now a different case. Sir Walter Scott told it to a friend. There was a boy in his class at school, who always stood at the top, nor could the utmost efforts of young Scott displace him. At length, he observed, when a question was asked this boy, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat; and the removal of this was, therefore, determined. The plot was executed, and succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it could not be found. In his distress he looked down for it, but it was not to be seen. He stood confounded, and Scott took possession of his place, which he never recovered. The wrong thus done was, however, attended, as it always must be, with pain. "Often," said Scott, "in after life the sight of him smote me." Heartily did he wish that this unkind act had never been done.

Let it be constantly remembered, that we are not left to act as we please;—the rule is of the highest authority: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," Matt. vii. 12. "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also," 1 John iv. 20, 21.



to life. As a bird flying in its native element, so is the mind when properly employed. A change of employment, too, is a fine recreation.

We may learn something, my young friends, from an African sovereign. The king of Wowow made new roads and repaired and widened old-ones leading to and from the city. His reasons for doing so were shrewd and just. "If," said he, "our enemies were to come towards our gates with a hostile intention, and find the roads broken up or overgrown with weeds, would they not say, Oh, this king is a careless, idle, cowardly governor; his town contains but few people, for see, the path is green, and untrodden by human feet; let us go and attack it, for it will easily fall into our hands. But should they find it of convenient width, smooth, and free from grass, they would immediately say, This road is trodden by the feet of many people; the town must be populous, strong, and flourishing, and its monarch watchful and brave; it is better for us to fall back while we are yet undiscovered and unharmed, lest some evil fall on us when it is too late to retreat." In like manner, when

the enemy of souls observes one who is idle, he sees that the indolent is prepared for his temptations; but when he discovers those who are honourably and usefully employed, he feels that to attack them would be to meet with a repulse.

What a pretty invitation to begin in good time is the following:—

Get up, little sister; the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew's on the flower,
If you shake but a branch see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please;
And by all those rings in the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
Thinking, wise little insect, work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily, it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun:
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 'twould be wrong
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up! for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives the daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and work like the bee.

Now then let me give you a little advice as to employment. Useful effort requires



THE FRIGHTENED BULL.

thought, and thought may keep off many evils. I can give you a striking proof of this. A general officer relates, that when a young man he was in Hungary, engaged in surveying; he used in so doing a small portable table, the back of which was covered with red morocco. As he walked from one station to another, he sometimes carried it with the paper against his breast, and the crimson colour in front. This might seem of little consequence, but that it was otherwise, was on one occasion very plain.

As he was walking along one day, he suddenly saw, at a considerable distance, a herd of grazing bullocks throw out signs of defiance. Nor was this all; they came down in full gallop towards him, with their tails up, apparently in the greatest frenzy. Not suspecting the cause, he paused and dropped his hand, thus hiding the red colour, when the whole troop stopped and looked about, as if at a loss for the object of their rage. He went on, and, without thought raising the table again, brought the red colour in sight, and again they set off towards him. Now finding out the cause, as he dwelt on these circumstances, he turned the obnoxious

colour towards his body, and was suffered to proceed unmolested.

As, then, it was important for this young man not merely to go onwards, but to think as he did so, so it is of great moment that you, my young friends, should exercise your minds. *Think*, that you may have a clear understanding of what you are to do; *think*, that you may set about doing it in the best way in your power.

Another piece of advice I would offer you is, when fairly at work, allow not yourself to be diverted by trifles. A thrush may teach you this useful lesson. She built her nest on a ridge of a quarry, in the very centre of which the miners were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was much disturbed by the fragments flying about in all directions, but still she would not quit the chosen spot. Looking about her, as we should always do, she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that the workmen went back to a distance. This observation she quickly turned to account, for in a few days, when she heard the bell, she left her exposed situation, and flying to the place where the workmen found shelter,

dropped close to their feet. There she remained until the explosion had taken place, when she returned to her nest.

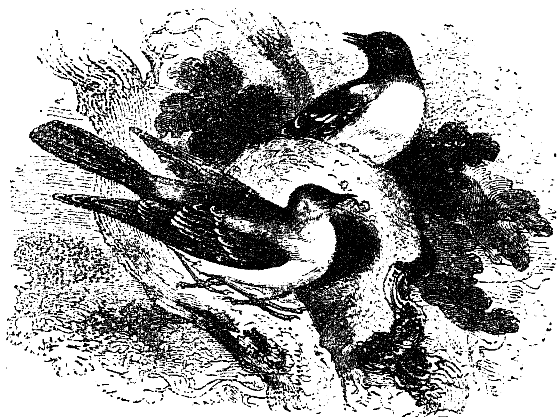
The story of her sagacity was soon told. The employers of the men heard it, and visitors wished to gratify themselves by observing the bird. As, however, explosions could not take place just when they pleased, the bell was rung instead, and for a time answered the same purpose. But the thrush was not thus to be trifled with; she was not going to leave her eggs merely to amuse them, and so, when the bell was rung, she peeped out to see if the workmen retreated, and if they did not, she remained on her nest.

Another remark equally worthy of notice is, that you should not merely go on, but do so with vigour. Two birds were observed, on one occasion, intent on making a nest of moss and flax, interwoven with grass and tufts of cotton. At first the male greatly assisted the female, in trampling down and pressing the cotton with his body, making it, by so doing, into a felt or cloth-like substance. Sometimes, too, he went in search of parcels of moss and cotton, and laid down

his load either on the edge of the nest, or on branches within reach of his mate. So far, it must be admitted, he pursued a very sensible course.

But after a few trips of this kind, and a little effort, he began to flag, and to indulge in various gambols; and his wiser mate, who kept steadily on and had no disposition to trifle, punished him as he deserved, by pecking him well with her beak. This, however, did not check his idle spirit; he, too, pecked in his turn, and, what was worse, even pulled down the work they both had done. He seemed, indeed, to say, "I mean to do very little now, and to give myself to play; and if you refuse to join in my gambols, I will take care that you shall not go on."

To save the nest, the female left off, and flew from bush to bush; and after a time, matters being made up again, the female returned to her labour, and her mate sang in the most lively strains for several minutes. At the end of his song he resumed his labours, bringing such materials as his companion required; but again he began to trifle, and another scene, like that just described, took place. At length, however, he applied



THE NEST-MAKERS

himself vigorously to his work, and in due time the nest was completed.

An eminent man when writing to a friend, charged him to guard against what is often called *dawdling.* "Do instantly," he says, "whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business; if that which is first in hand is not instantly, speedily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." He afterwards compares the habit of dawdling to the ivy round the oak, which limits, if it does not destroy, the power of exertion. He adds, "I expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock, hours, quarters, and minutes, all marked and appropriated." He who acts wisely gives himself wholly to what he knows is important. When an eminent person was asked how he got through so much business, he replied, "By being a whole man to one thing at a time."

Another observation may be expressed in the proverb, "What is worth doing is worth doing well." "It will do," is often a bad saying. If the thing is done ill, there is shame for the doer. That which costs little labour seldom deserves praise; at the same time, injury is done to the mind. To say the thing "will do," when we can make it better, is to acquire a habit of bestowing less and less pains, and of yet being content. It is otherwise when what is great is accomplished: a proof of this now occurs to me.

At Palermo, in the island of Sicily, there is an observatory which is not a little remarkable. Here the celebrated astronomer Piazza was engaged, with his assistant, in making a well-known catalogue of stars, for which he received a medal from the Institute of Paris; the former observing through his telescope the stars as they passed the meridian, while the latter recorded their times and distances.

On the night following the notice of certain stars, these were looked at again, and their places noted as before. There was one, however, which did not agree with the position described on the previous night. Piazza

thought his companion had committed an error; but he, on hearing this, made no reply, and set down the observations of the evening with great care. On the third night a similar discordance occurred; and on the fourth night the star was again wide of the place where on the former nights it had been observed.

Piazza, delighted at this, exclaimed, "We thought we were observing a fixed star, but it is a planet." And so it proved; it was the planet now called Ceres, which had not till then been discovered, moving in an orbit between Mars and Jupiter. Should any one suppose that this discovery was accidental, let it be remembered that it was that of a man of knowledge and ability, and long accustomed to accuracy in his observations. Apart from doing well what he did, Piazza would never have discovered the planet Ceres.

Still further: though you aim to do what is right, and to do it well, always aim at a point beyond your best efforts. One of the greatest sculptors of the present day had not long since completed a noble statue, and was looking upon it with great interest, when he suddenly exclaimed, "It is all over;

my genius is decaying, for I am satisfied with it." He felt depressed at the thought of his own pleasure in his work. When in former days he was advancing in his art, he was dissatisfied with what he did, and his constant effort to do better was one cause of his eminence.

With such thoughts as these present to your minds, my young friends, be always employed. Talent when left without proper culture, like a fruitful soil, sends forth the rankest weeds; while, carefully tilled, many may rejoice in the harvest it yields



KINDNESS.

Oh never imagine that you have a foe,
Or think it true courage to strike the first blow;
But bear and forbear, and quickly you'll see
What's pleasing to others gives pleasure to thee.

As fire softens the metal, that it may receive
The form that the founder intended to give,
So let but the force of true kindness be felt,
And a heart that is stubborn and churlish will melt.

I LOVE a truly kind spirit. Such an one is not so by fits and starts; it is so generally; it will not appear merely on some great occasions, but on others also which seem trivial. I will explain what I mean more fully.

The kindness of some children goes but a very little way: it may extend, perhaps, to a robin, a butterfly, or a kitten, but woe to the beetle, the caterpillar, or the rat, that

may be in their power. But Lucretia Maria Davidson, sister of a little girl who loved home very much, made no such distinctions; she seemed to have an innate kindness for every living thing. When she was about nine years old, one of her schoolfellows gave her a young rat, that had broken its leg in attempting to escape from a trap. She immediately bound up the maimed leg, carried the animal home, and nursed it tenderly. Yet, notwithstanding her care, the rat died, and was buried in the garden. It seems, however, that it was not safe in its grave, for she thus wrote on the death of a robin, which she had carefully attended:—

Underneath this turf doth lie
A little bird which ne'er could fly;
Twelve large angle-worms did fill
This little bird whom they did kill.
Puss! if you should chance to smell
My little bird from his dark cell,
Oh, do be merciful, my cat,
And not serve him as you did my rat.

Let us take another case. A lady was walking in a place I very well know, when she heard a child, about eight years old, cautioning another of the same age, with great earnestness, "not to tell." The lady, struck

by the anxiety of the child, inquired what the secret was, when she received the reply: "Madam, there is a robin's nest just by, and so low among the ivy, that the boys can reach it. Last night, one of the poor little birds fell out of its nest, so I told my mother, and she came and put it back, and I am afraid the boys should find the nest and take away the little ones from the poor robin; so I begged Sally not to tell them of it." Should not you think, then, that this was a very kind little girl?

Such, then, is the feeling I want you to cherish in your bosoms; and if this be done, your brothers and sisters, and other children around you, will find that it affects them. Should, for instance, one become rather cross, you will not do what you can to make him, or her, more so. No, you will, perhaps, find it better to leave that child alone; for there are many sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out by themselves. Or, if you try to do anything, it will be to soothe, not to irritate.

A sweet little girl, named Mary, when only four years old was with her brother Cornelius, and in a fit of anger he struck her

on the cheek. And did she instantly return the blow? No, she turned the other cheek, and said, mildly, "There, Corie." And when she was asked who taught her to do that, she replied that she heard papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer-time. How I should like to gather together all the passionate children, and tell them that little tale again and again, so that they might never forget it!

A gentleman went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, at one time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and having stated to the judge an injury he had received, asked if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would be manly to resent it, but it would be Godlike to forgive it!" This reply completely altered the feelings of the applicant.

The effect of kindness is great. Let us look at some instances of its power. Even inferior creatures feel its influence. I will give you some proofs of this. A white rat was some time ago caught in some stables, was shown as a great curiosity, and was at length presented to a gentleman who had expressed much interest about it. It was

exceedingly savage, and when allowed to go at large in the sitting-room, flew at its owner with great ferocity. He put it into a squirrel-cage, with a turnabout-wheel, and for two or three days kept it on short allowance, and gave it no food but what it took out of his hands. At first it snapped at the food, and endeavoured to bite the fingers that offered it through the wires. It began, however, to feel the security of the box, and when its owner put his hand in to take it out, it bit him several times very severely.

It may easily be seen that the unpleasant disposition thus shown might have been continued and *increased*. If the gentleman referred to had gone to it again and again to tease and irritate it, this would certainly have been the case. But he acted far otherwise. He even guarded against what would excite the irritable and ill-tempered little animal; and the rat, finding its attacks were unnoticed, and that it was always treated with kindness, soon ceased to show any signs of anger, and even lay perfectly still when he opened the box to look at it. As its owner had no family, and sat the greater part of his time alone, engaged in reading

and writing, the rat, finding it was not troubled, would soon come and pick up the crumbs which were allowed to fall. In about a fortnight, such is the effect of kindness, it would approach when it was called, and take sugar or bread from his hand.

I will give you another instance. A farmer had a bull, so wild and ferocious that he was kept almost constantly chained, and when led to water, was not suffered to be out of the hands of a trusty person. This animal seemed very much to dislike the farmer's brother, who assisted him in his business, but with the cause of his so doing I am not acquainted. Certain it is, that he did not see this man approach the open shed in which he was kept, without beginning to bellow most dreadfully; and he continued to do so as long as the object of dislike was in view, at the same time tearing up the earth with his horns. Twice he very cunningly watched an opportunity, and endeavoured suddenly to spring out of the hands of his attendants at his enemy, who was standing in the yard.

It happened, however, that amidst all this



AN ACT OF KINDNESS

hostility, a most tremendous thunder-storm occurred. The roarings of the bull, as the vivid lightning flashed and the thunder roared awfully, were quite affecting. In an open shed, exposed to all the fury of the elements, he sent forth every moment a yell of terror. Supposing it was the lightning that chiefly alarmed the animal, the farmer proposed to the men-servants to remove him to the barn, but in vain. They were so much terrified at their own danger, that the terror of the bull made no impression on them, nor could any of them be persuaded to move.

Very different were the feelings of the farmer's brother; he was a humane and generous young man, he went forth and approached the bull, which was lying on his back, trembling violently, having almost torn his chain through the gristle of his nose, in trying to get loose. The moment the distressed animal observed the young man, he rose, and by his fawning actions, expressed his delight at the sight of a human being in such a scene of terror. Fear had subdued his ferocity, and, with the greatest quietness, he suffered himself to be untied, and led to the barn, by the very man whom, a few

hours before, he would, could he have reached him, have torn in pieces.

The next morning, as his deliverer was crossing the yard, he remarked that the bull, which had been replaced in his shed, no longer bellowed as he used to do; and it struck him that the animal remembered his kindness the night before. Accordingly he ventured by degrees to approach him, and found that so far from expressing any dislike, the bull, with the utmost gentleness, suffered him to touch his head. From that day the bull continued to him as tame as a lamb, and suffered him to play various tricks, which no person about the farm dared to attempt.

Should you like some proofs of the influ ence of kindness on persons? Here they are.

Soon after the county of Lichfield, in America, began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian arrived at an inn, and asked the hostess, as the evening was advancing, to provide him some refreshment; at the same time observing, that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay, but promising compensation whenever he succeeded.

The plea was, however, in vain: the hostess loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself, that she worked so hard. But as the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full payment.

As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him that he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed whenever it was in his power. To the hostess he administered a very cutting rebuke, and her feelings, as he now withdrew, may be easily imagined. The arrow which had been so acutely barbed, could not fail to penetrate her bosom. "Acts of unkindness," says the proverb, "are like young birds; they always come home to roost." She had violated the law of benevolence, and deep mortification was one of the forms in which the penalty was to be paid.

The spectator of her punishment had occasion some years after to go into the wilderness between Lichfield and Albany, where

he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death; but during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality.

While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day; and to this he agreed, though not without some apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears increased, his promise was broken; the same person repeated his visit, and, after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement, and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks; he was ordered to take one of each, and followed his conductor, under the



THE INDIAN

conclusion that had he intended him injury, he might have despatched him at once. In the day-time, they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled; but the silence of the Indian as to the object of their expedition was mysterious and profound. After many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, exhibiting a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, and he eagerly replied, "It is Lichfield!" His guide then recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I that Indian! Now I pay you: go home!"

Here, then, kindness received a signal reward. But when does it fail?—Never! It always pours a stream of delight into the soul. The advantage of him who accepts the boon may be great; but that of the donor is greater. Among the words of our Lord Jesus were these: "It is more blessed to give than to receive!" Acts xx. 35.

A boy lived with his uncle in a Yorkshire vale, and on the western bank of a beautiful

rpentine trout stream. He was a good
eal employed in agricultural pursuits, but
hen he had a little time to spare, he was
nt to school. This was situated on the
mmit of the eastern side of the valley, and
the distance of about two miles. And
elightful indeed was it, on a fine spring
orning, to walk for half a mile by the side
the river, and then cross it by the step-
ng-stones which were laid for the purpose;
proceed after this over a few level corn-
lds, and then to climb the opposite brow, till
came to the sterile moorland. As, too, he
ssed along, his eye caught all the hues
ound, from the light green corn to the dark
own heath; and he heard all the varied notes
the feathered tribes, from the thrush to the
eewit. Thus wending his way, his path led
ider the shade of a very large walnut-tree.
ose behind a good-looking mansion, but
ther in a shattered state; the garden and
rubbery were, however, laid out very taste-
lly; and here resided a gentleman and his
ster, who had seen better days.

In the court which led to the kitchen-door
as a large stone trough, which was supplied
om a spring, and in it there were three

more, placed one above another, for the use of the cattle; and it is necessary to observe, that if the trough in the court overflowed too rapidly, the water flowed into the hall-kitchen. This the school-boy knew, and, being disposed to mischief, he let out the water, and the kitchen was flooded. And here he may finish the tale.

"Whether some one unobserved by me had seen the mischievous affair, and had told the lady of the hall; or whether her suspicion had led her to fix upon me as the most likely boy to perpetrate such an act, I cannot tell; but one evening, while attempting to beat down a few walnut leaves, for the sake of their fragrance, before I was aware, she had hold of me.

"'And so you are the person who let the water into the hall-kitchen the other day, are you?' said the lady, looking me full in the face, with a firm and dignified countenance.

"I made no reply, for I was thunderstruck. As she was of a very slender figure, and rather aged, and I a great, strong lad, it would have been apparently an easy matter to have made my escape; but I had no

power. I felt I was guilty; shame and confusion covered me, and I stood before her speechless and motionless.

"'Come along,' she continued, with a firm, but not harsh tone of voice, 'you must go with me into the kitchen.'

"She had hold of my arm, above the elbow; and leading me into the kitchen, she bade me sit down on a chair, at the end of the large oaken table which stood before the window.

"'Sit there,' said she, 'till I return;' and she went into the passage leading to the front door, which opened into the garden.

"Being left alone, I might have gained my liberty, but I had not the presence of mind, nor had I courage, although I felt sure that her errand into the passage was for a horsewhip, the power of which I expected to feel every moment. I waited in the greatest agitation of mind, perhaps ten minutes. At length the lady re-entered the kitchen, with—not a horsewhip, but a large plate of beautiful cherries, which she placed on the table.

"'Do you like cherries, my boy?' inquired Miss ——, in a cheerful tone of voice.

"I felt confounded, ashamed, overwhelmed, almost to suffocation, and at length faintly muttered, 'Yes, ma'am.'

"'Then you can stand up, and eat as many as you please.'

"I obeyed, but was fit to stagger with excitement; which the lady perceiving, she said with a smile, 'Do not be afraid; I have pulled the cherries on purpose for you.'

"She continued to speak kindly; I got more confidence; and my trepidation began rather to subside, and I ate a quantity of the cherries.

"'Will you have any more cherries, my boy?' said the lady.

"'No thank you, ma'am,' was the reply.

"'Have you a handkerchief?' continued she.

"'Yes, ma'am,' was the answer.

"'Give it me,' said the lady.

"I did so; and tying up the remainder of the cherries in the handkerchief, she gave it to me, saying, 'Now you can eat these at your leisure.'

"I thanked her, and departed; but just as I went out at the door, placing her hand upon my shoulder, she said, 'Now you will not let the troughs off any more, will you?'

"'No, ma'am,' said I, with emphasis.

"Of course, I kept my word. I never disturbed the troughs, nor would I suffer any one else over whom I had any control to do the lady any injury; but any little act of kindness that I could do for her, I always did it with the greatest pleasure! Had she used the horsewhip it might have been different; but, oh, the law of kindness!"

Another fact may be gleaned from the life of Lord, at that time Sir James, de Sau marez. When the mutiny at the Nore broke out, the Orion, which he commanded, escaped it altogether, owing to the subordination of the men, and the attachment they felt for their worthy commander, with whom the greater part had served from the commencement of the war. It was from confidence in them, founded on accurate knowledge, that he consented to receive, in hope of his reformation, one of the worst of the mutineers, but an excellent seaman and ship-carpenter, who was to be tried for his life. Seasonable admonition and paternal attention to the man's feelings on the part of Sir James, had, however, their desired effect. A few days after the rebel got on board, the

signal was made for the boats of each ship to be manned and armed, to witness the execution of four criminals in one of the mutinous ships. Sir James, therefore, sent for him into the cabin, and after expostulating with him on the heinous crime he had committed, he assured him that he would spare him the anguish he must endure, of beholding others suffer for an offence of which he had probably been the guilty cause. This was the last effort made to work a change in the mutineer, and the effect was complete. His rebellious spirit was subdued, he fell on his knees bathed in tears, and blended the strongest assurance of loyalty to his king, with the warmest expressions of attachment and gratitude to his commander. Nor were the feelings he displayed soon repressed. He was true to his word; his exertions accorded with his promises, and he who had been the most obdurate of rebels, became one of the most faithful sailors Sir James de Saumarez ever had.

May not much be learned, then, from these circumstances? Assuredly, while the words of the apostle should be written on

BE NOT TOO SURE.

"It is—I'm *positive* it's so,"
Some little ones exclaim;
And yet each one of them should know
They're very much to blame,
Except from error they're secure,
And then *alone* they may be sure.

How oft have children seen a thing
Which was not what it seemed!
How often have they judged a thing
Which was not what they deemed!
Let all a warning take from hence,
And so avoid vain confidence.

WHAT would you say, were I to tell you of people who clean shoes with flowers?

Some would perhaps reply, "Uncle William, you are joking;" and others think I was wrong; and some, it may be, feel *certain* I was.

As, then, I look on your bright faces, I would say, "Be not too sure;" for the Malays at Singapore, in the employ of Europeans, often use the flowers of a shrub for this very purpose; and hence it is named by their masters "the shoeflower." The petals, as the divisions of a flower are called, contain a quantity of purplish black astringent juice. After rubbing the flowers over the shoes, they are polished by means of a brush. In this way the white dresses usually worn in Eastern climates are not sullied by the shoes, which often happened when blacking was used. Ought I not to say, then, "Be not too sure?"

I may tell you, too, that I ought to recollect the lesson I am teaching. I remember walking out in the country early one fine summer's morning. Bright were the sunbeams, fragrant were the flowers, and the birds were singing joyously in the trees. I was delighted with my stroll, and on returning homewards, I was roused from my musings by a man in humble life, who passed me with a jug. "What," I said to myself, "is he going to the alehouse so early as this?" At once I classed him among the intemperate, and

thought of all the evils which would arise to himself and his family from so great a vice. And then my mind wandered to others, and I deplored the ravages it makes among multitudes of our race. In the midst of these thoughts I saw the man with the jug approaching, and had almost framed some words of reproof, but when he came quite close to me, I looked in his jug, and—there was no ale—it was full of milk! I ought, then, to say to myself as well as to you, "Be not too sure."

Here is another story. A friend of the late Sir Walter Scott remembers that he once made a great leap at the High School, Edinburgh, from a singular circumstance. A boy on what is called "the dolt's bench," was asked at boggling over the Latin word *cum*, which answers to our English word *with*, "What part of speech is with?" and he answered "A substantive." The teacher then asked, "Is it ever a substantive?" Many were inclined to say "No," but all were silent till it came to Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly replied, "It is a substantive in the 16th chapter of the book of Judges, and the 7th verse:—'And Samson



THE MALAY SERVANT

said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withs that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and be as another man." How many boys would have been quite sure there was no such instance!

The lesson I wish to teach you, is conveyed by another tale. An emu was once brought under the care of an observant keeper of a menagerie; but very unexpectedly it sickened, and died a few weeks after. On opening the body of the animal the cause of death appeared: it was a glass inkstand, which the bird had previously swallowed, and was now in the stomach. Wondering how the emu could have obtained so deadly a morsel, the keeper inquired of all connected with the menagerie, but without obtaining any information.

Not long after this, the captain who brought the emu to England arrived, and conversation naturally turned on these circumstances. Surprise and anxiety, accompanied by deep blushes, settled on the captain's countenance. At the close of a brief account of what had happened, he paused a moment, and said: "You need not wonder that your statement has affected me, when I tell you that I fear

it will too truly explain an event which occurred in my homeward voyage, and which now pains me exceedingly Yet I would not have had that statement for a thousand times the value of the poor bird. Can you show me the inkstand?" "Oh yes," said the keeper, as he took it from among various curiosities on his mantle shelf, "here it is." "This is the very thing," said the captain. "The inkstand was on the quarter-deck, close by my side, when I last used it, and the hapless emu was not far off. I had occasion to go into my cabin before I had finished my letter, and on my return the inkstand had disappeared. Positive that I had left it on the deck, I ordered the strictest search to be made for it, but in vain; no one had seen it —it was nowhere to be found. Difficult as it was, if not impossible, to replace it, I became exceedingly angry, and at once accused and condemned a poor fellow whom I left near it to be punished for the suspected crime, though he solemnly declared he was innocent. He bore the grievous chastisement with patience, for though a black, he was, I believe, a Christian. And now, sir," the captain added, as he took up his hat and

left the room, "I cannot rest till I have found him out and made him full reparation."

Thus, my young friends, Uncle William might go on and tell you tale after tale, showing how prone all are to err, and therefore how necessary it is to think much before we speak; to examine a thing very carefully before we venture to decide upon it; and to guard against being confident, unless we have the most satisfactory reason for being *quite sure* about the matter.

And here I may say a word about a feeling of the same kind which is often apparent. You think it strange, perhaps, when you hear that though earthquakes have been often experienced at Lima, the people live in no fear of another; and that those who dwell at the foot of Vesuvius or Etna never think of an eruption, till their wells are dried by the thirsty volcano, and the fire runs along the ground. It may be that you consider such conduct very daring. And yet it is by no means uncommon in other circumstances.

In a coal-mine, for instance, there is foul air, which may be set on fire by the light of

the mines, and produce a fearful explosion and loss of life. A safety-lamp was therefore invented by Sir Humphrey Davy, which is a wire-gauze lantern, within which the flame of the lamp is so enclosed that it can receive no air from without, nor have any communication with it, but through the meshes of the wire-gauze. Within this screen, the flame is not only harmless, but beneficial, for here it safely burns the very gas which is so fearfully explosive when set on fire, as it would be, by an open flame. Many a miner has, however, refused to use this lamp, and others, when carrying it about, have opened it, though at the risk of great and terrible disasters. When they are cautioned, and reminded of the many who have perished, they appear to think that such a calamity will not happen to them, and yet what security have they against it? It might occur on any day, at any hour.

I dare say you think such recklessness very wrong, and yet children often discover the same daring spirit. They will run along very narrow ledges, by the side of deep waters, and just on the edge of precipices, only to show they can do what others are

afraid to attempt. Is not this foolish, and wrong also? A serious accident might take place in a moment. Think, then, my young friends, of these things; remember that much falsehood is uttered, and great mischief done, and that even death may come, as it has to multitudes, from their being *too sure*.

There is only one case in which the caution I have given you is not needed. You cannot be too sure in reference to what God says. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away. His truth endureth from generation to generation. You may be sure, therefore, that God will fulfil all his promises. He has engaged that if you turn away from sinful thoughts and sinful deeds to trust in Christ alone for salvation, he will grant you all that is good on earth, and at last take you to heaven; and of this you may be quite certain. If you refuse the offer of his mercy, not one of his blessings shall you have, either here or hereafter. The wrath of God abides on those who believe not the gospel; and of this you may be equally sure.

SURMOUNT DIFFICULTIES.

Come! put forth your powers! if hard is the task,
   More spirit and energy show;
It is effort gives vigour; then why should you ask,
   That you may such labours forego?
Weak-minded and ignorant all must appear,
Who shrink from all toil they imagine severe.

You know there are some who do things with ease,
   And quickly and nicely, 'tis true;
This comes of laborious exertions to please,
   A course which is open to you.
Be wise, and from effort then never recoil;
No knowledge or skill can be gained without toil.

I WAS passing along the road near my residence the other day, when I observed five boys proceeding together to school. One of them was lame; he walked with a stick which pressed against his side, but he seemed not to make his lameness a trouble. The boys were going at a good pace, and it evi-

dently required special effort on his part to keep up with them: for, while they looked cool, he appeared hot and excited. I greatly admired the energy he displayed, and the briskness with which he tossed his cap back on his head, as his limping motion forced it over his eyes. I felt sure that he would be well up to the rest of his class, and far surpass, perhaps, many a laggard there. Let us learn something, then, from this little lame boy. He had a difficulty to contend with which his companions had not. But he did not hold back on this account. No! He made an effort, he surmounted the difficulty; and the same spirit is often needed.

I have told you of Eliza Bridgman, the poor little girl with only one sense. What, it might be asked, could be done for her? Great difficulties were in the way of doing anything, but a benevolent gentleman, Dr. Howe, resolved to see what could be done. He first took knives, forks, spoons, keys, and other common articles, and pasting upon them labels, with their names printed in raised letters, gave them to Eliza. These she felt very carefully, and soon found that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from

the crooked lines *k e y* as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed on them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones fastened on the articles. She showed she understood this, by laying the label *k e y* upon the key, and the label *s p o o n* upon the spoon.

The same was done with all the articles she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. But this was the effort of imitation and memory. After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *b o o k*, *k e y*, and other things. Then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *b o o k*, *k e y*, etc.; and she did so.

Thus far her kind teacher compares the success obtained to that of teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated what he did, by feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. But now

the mind shut up in that little body, which had lost the power of sight, and hearing, and smell, and almost that of taste, began to show itself. She found that she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind. "At once," says Dr. Howe, "her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog or a parrot; it was an animated spirit, eagerly seizing on a new link of union with other spirits!"

Many weeks of unprofitable labour were passed before this point was gained. Now more might be accomplished. A set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends was obtained; and a board, in which were square holes. Into these Eliza could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil or a watch, she would select the letters composing it, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised in this way for several weeks, until she knew a great number of words. The important

step was then taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of using the board and the types. She did this speedily and easily, for her mind had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid

All this was very interesting. Her teacher gave her a new object, for instance a pencil, first letting her examine it, to have an idea of its use, and then teaching her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers. Meanwhile the child grasped her hand, and felt her fingers as the different letters were formed. She turned her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips were apart; she seemed scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changed to a smile, as she comprehended the lesson. She then held up her tiny fingers, and spelt the word in the manual alphabet; next she took her types and arranged her letters; and last, to make sure that she was right, she took the whole of the types composing the word, and placed them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object might be. So

it is in other cases. And thus we see that what cannot be done by one effort, may be accomplished by two, or ten, or twenty. More than these will sometimes be needed, and when the object warrants it, they should be used.

Of this you may be reminded as you read or hear of Robert Bruce. He was one of the sovereigns of Scotland, and is very famous in the history of that country. In one of its wars, he slept at night in a barn, and in the morning, as he lay on his bed of straw, he saw a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but it immediately tried again to ascend. Again and again it fell, until it had done so twelve times, but the thirteenth time it tried it was successful, and reached the top of the barn. Bruce, struck by this circumstance, is said to have started from his bed, exclaiming, "This contemptible insect has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Have not I been defeated twelve times by a superior force? One more battle, and my country is free." In a few days the great battle of Bannockburn was fought, and Bruce was victorious.

A similar circumstance produced a strong impression on the mind of Timour, a great Tartar conqueror. In early life, he was forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone for many hours. Wishing to divert his mind from so wretched a condition, he fixed his eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded. This sight gave Timour courage at the moment, and he never forgot the lesson.

But now one story more. I lately met with it, and it may prove as instructive as it is remarkable and amusing. A boy, named Osgood, was born of poor parents, about thirty years ago, at Boston, in America. While yet very young, he was placed under the care of his uncle, a major in the United States service, by whom he was treated very severely. In these unfavourable circumstances, however, he began to educate himself, and, as he could find time, practised drawing on the sand of the river side.

In this way he went on for three years

when he was sent for to join his father's family; but they were visited with poverty, sickness, and distress. The father was disabled, the mother was consumptive, all the children were very young, and the one already described was a mere lad. His activity and energy were again seen. He obtained employment with a type-founder, with whom he continued some months, and every Saturday his joy was great;

> For then he came home to his dear mother's cot,
> And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

Finding he could earn more by more labour in a book-shop, he engaged himself there, and remained six months. Thence he went to a cabinet-maker's, where he could carve in wood; and then to a house-painter's, where he first used brushes and paints; and this master, observing his talent, kindly obtained him a place with an ornamental painter, with whom he quickly rose to the highest place in his service. But trouble came again: his mother died, his father survived her only three months, and the painter failed.

Having now no other resource, he became

a common sailor boy, on board a packet bound immediately to New York. There he was persuaded to undertake a longer voyage; so he managed to get back to Boston, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles; bade his sisters farewell; did what little he could for them, and sailed forth once more. The sloop he was in ran aground on a bar; that is, a shoal often found lying across the mouth of rivers and harbours, and as the sea breaks on these places, the passage of a bar in bad weather is generally dangerous. Nor was this all: the sloop was run into by another vessel, shattered fore and aft, and was at last set on fire from some aquafortis being spilled in the straw. Here was another series of disasters, but still Osgood went on.

Reaching New York, he engaged at once to go to Charleston. He was now with a crew of all colours and nations: the first mate was a violent man, who was afterwards hanged for murder; and the captain was of a similar character. Osgood's food was of the worst kind, and so tender were his limbs, that in pulling a rope the blood would gush out from between his fingers. A severe storm was encountered off Cape Hatteras.

Here he, with another boy, ran away, but they were caught and lodged in gaol. The room in which they were placed, with several other sailors, was large, and just whitewashed. Osgood found a piece of charcoal, mounted a barrel, and sketched on the wall a large spread eagle, writing beneath, "Liberty and Independence for ever." This caused great laughter, and well it might, for he had neither. It attracted the attention of an Irish gentleman in the next room; who inquired for the artist, learned his history, gave him a bed, and invited him freely to use his books and pencils. He now drew a pattern of a summer's dress for the jailer's daughter; and, as this gave satisfaction, he had more work, and became acquainted with the family. On the eve of the ship's sailing he was taken back at last, and met his companion again. They concluded, however, that it would not do at any rate to sail, and so they contrived another escape. Though they had seen a shark bite a dog asunder at the ship's side, they swam a distance of two miles with their clothes fastened to their necks, and reached the shore in the darkness. The mates had been lying all the

while on deck with loaded arms, and the boys were closely pursued, but they got off.

Osgood now engaged, as he supposed, with a better company for Marseilles. Here again he was bitterly disappointed; there was a mutiny on board, and a great scarcity of food and water. Yet amidst all this he went on, and ornamented the captain's boat with brushes furnished from the hair of his own head. At last the port was reached; and, by accident, the ship sailed without him. He was left with two five franc pieces and three sous, eight shillings and five pence halfpenny in English money, the clothes on his back, and four shirts. He knew no French; he had no employment; what was he now to do?

This question was soon answered. He offered his services, as a painter of wood work, to the widow who kept the boarding-house where the captain had tarried. In this way he lived for four months, till a vessel reached the harbour; once more he entered, and considered himself going home by way of South America. Again he was treated with great cruelty by the captain, and at Porto Cabello he left the ship, started off

across the mountains, a hundred miles on foot alone, for La Guayra. He had now only a trifle in his pocket, a pair of shoes, a lead pencil, a small portrait slung over his shoulder on a stick, and a copy of the New Testament. The first night he lost his shoes, and though his feet were in a sad state he walked on. He found among the hills an old Spanish hamlet, where a white man was never seen before. Here he was, therefore, a great curiosity, and his skill in painting filled them with admiration.

Still he pressed forward, passed Caraccas over the mountains for La Guayra, sometimes sleeping in the open air, and reduced to his last halfpenny before the place he sought appeared in sight. Here he engaged on board a Baltimore schooner, worked his passage, earned eight dollars by painting and arrived in port. He now obtained by sign-painting money to travel on again; started for the north, lost most of his money, proceeded on foot, and finally reached Connecticut by walking thirty miles the last day, with only a bun for his dinner, and a halfpenny in his pocket.

As if, however, nothing had happened,

he began painting again; and at last inducing a neighbour to sit for his portrait, he succeeded. He then opened a shop for portraits, in the upper loft of a tumble-down old wooden castle, with a three-legged chair, and a board nailed to the wall. After this, finding out his own deficiencies, and desirous to do better, he packed up, and painted his passage to Boston. He visited and studied, with feelings not to be described, a famous collection of pictures in that city, and continued his painting. Onwards he still went, travelled all over Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, and visited New York and Charleston.

With a thousand dollars or more in his pocket, he embarked for England in a packet-ship, was burnt out at sea with Admiral Coffin, and rowed two days on the waves in the boats. They were then taken up; he reached Boston, his money and clothes all gone, visited his friends, obtained new clothes, and sailed again. He now arrived in England, possessed of twenty-five dollars, part of the price of the admiral's portrait. He lived in London six months, until he was reduced to sixpence; it sustained him a week by sup-

plying him with two potatoes a day, but so exhausted did he become, that he dropped down stairs senseless. A lady came to his relief; he painted in bed; visited the country, obtained money by his efforts; returned to the city, and searched for a passage home. He now met with the very captain he had swam away from at Charleston, took passage with him for Boston, and heard from his lips an account of his own singular escape.

At home again, he passed seven or eight years more in the midst of difficulties, but gaining in a hard way an increased knowledge of his art. "The reader will scarcely believe," adds Timothy Claxton, an ingenious mechanic, "that all which is thus told, and much more, happened to this young man by or before the age of twenty-one." We cannot be surprised to hear that such a man should succeed as a painter. He certainly did many things that were wrong, but what perseverance he displayed, and what love to his art!

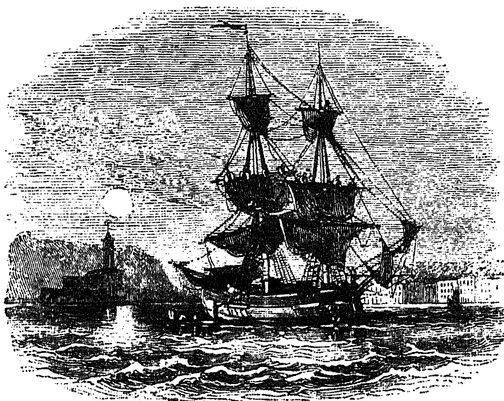
Here is the sure way of succeeding in any employment. *Like* the pursuit, and you are certain to make progress. It is curious to

observe the employments to which some minds become attached. The life of a German wagoner might be thought a very dreary one. He has to walk slowly, step by step, by the side of a team from day to day, on the same road. Yet even he speaks with delight of his business. Dr. Lieber, in one of his journeys on foot, met with a train of heavily-laden wagons, proceeding to Leipzig. He entered into conversation with the eldest of the wagoners, who told him of much illness he had suffered, and that he had lately been confined by sickness. As the doctor knew that these men are generally wealthy, he expressed his astonishment at his exposing himself in such a state of health to the inclemency of the weather. The reply of the old man was, "Ah, a wagoner cannot remain at home—we *love* our profession."

Aim, then, to like what it is desirable for you to study and to do, and surmount all the difficulties that arise in doing it. I have no doubt that man was a good wagoner; his words convey the great secret of success in the engagements of life.

But in whose strength should this be done? Not in your own. Be concerned, then, to

guard against self-confidence. Look, my young friends, to the All-wise for direction; look to the Almighty for strength. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," James i. 17. Of him, therefore, we should entreat, for Christ's sake, all we need; and to him we should offer our hearty thanksgiving for all we receive.



TRUTH.

A falsehood is *told* whenever we say
What is not entirely true;
Against this we should guard with great care every day,
As an evil of deadliest hue.

A falsehood is *acted* whenever we do
What children have called "make believe,"
When shutting the truth quite out of the view,
We act with a wish to deceive.

Whenever deception is practised there's sin,
And from this in *all* forms we should fly;
For evils unnumbered are sure to begin
From *acting* or *telling* a lie.

Truth is always lovely; and it requires that our thoughts, our words, and our deeds should agree with each other, and accord with that which is right. A narrative will illustrate what I mean.



WASHINGTON AND HIS FATHER

When you read the history of America, you will find much there about George Washington. He was not only a great man, but a good little boy, of which I will give you two proofs. His father had imported from Europe a beautiful cherry-tree, and had planted it in his garden, watching its growth from day to day with great interest and pleasure.

One day George was in the garden playing with a hatchet, which his father had bought for him, and, without much thought of what he was doing, cut almost round, in several places, the bark of this beautiful tree. His father soon after walked in the garden, found the tree thus injured, and felt persuaded it must die. Very much grieved, he saw at once who must have done it, but he said nothing till he met George. As he did this he said, "George! some one has destroyed my favourite tree; do you know who has done it?" The little boy, instead of turning away, or making excuses, or telling a falsehood, looked right up in his parent's face, and said, "My father! I have done it." Tears instantly rolled down the parent's cheek, and laying his right hand on the head

of his child, he said, "I like your manliness, in at once saying, 'I have done it.' I would rather lose every tree in my garden than that you should tell a lie."

The mother of George Washington had a little dun colt, a foal that had never been broken in. One morning, before breakfast, several of his companions came to see him, and happening to go into the meadow where the colt was, George proposed that one of them should have a ride. As, however, none would venture, and he was a fearless boy, he got a piece of rope, put it round the neck of the colt, and then mounted it. But it was so restless, and sprang about so much, that at last it dashed itself to the earth, burst a blood-vessel, and died almost instantly. The boys afterwards went into breakfast, and Mrs. Washington endeavoured to amuse them, but she saw that they were not happy. At last she said, "Have you seen my favourite colt?" All the boys now blushed in confusion and distress. She then said, "What is the matter? has anything happened to my colt?" Her little son George replied, "Mother, I have killed your colt." And though Mrs. Washington was much

grieved, she expressed herself in terms similar to those of her husband.

Lovely indeed is a regard for truth, whereever it appears. A party of Moors made an attack on the flocks of a village, and an African youth was mortally wounded. The natives placed him on horseback, and conducted him home, while his mother went before the mournful group, speaking of his good conduct, and showing, by her clasped hands and streaming eyes, the inward bitterness of her soul. To him she bore the testimony which uncle William wishes may be true of all his young friends:—"He never, never, told a lie!"

> "Oh what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive!"

In the circumstances now narrated, there was a refusal to practise deception by uttering what was false, but it should not be forgotten that there may be falsehood without speaking. The sin of falsehood is committed whenever there is an attempt to deceive another; it may therefore appear in what is done as certainly as in what is said. If, then, by any movement of the body, we

lead another to suppose what is contrary to the fact, there is a lie, though the tongue is still.

How often do we read in the word of God of the sin of falsehood! In the law of Moses there is the express command, "Neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another," Lev. xix. 11. When David, appealing to the transgressor, says, "Thou lovest evil more than good; and lying rather than to speak righteousness," he adds, "God shall likewise destroy thee for ever, he shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling-place, and root thee out of the land of the living," Psa. lii. 3, 5. Solomon declares that a lying tongue is one of the six things which the Lord doth hate, Prov. vi. 16, 17. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for acts of falsehood, Acts v. 1—11. "Putting away lying," says the apostle, "speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another," Eph. iv. 25. "All liars," it is distinctly declared, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death," Rev. xxi. 8.

How earnestly, then, should we implore

pardon for the past, through Him who died the just for the unjust! How constantly, too, should we entreat grace to set a watch at the door of our lips, and to enable us to walk in the paths of uprightness!



THE WILL AND THE WAY.



When there is not the will, complainings arise;
The task is too hard to be done:
But when there's the will, there are no tears and sighs,
The work is directly begun.

Whatever the labour that may be required,
At once and with spirit obey;
With hearty good will to do all that's desired,
You will quickly discover the way.

A GENTLEMAN walking along, some time ago, with a fine Newfoundland dog, gave him a basket and a small parcel to carry, and for a moment the sagacious creature was puzzled to know how he should do both; but disposed, as he was, to do promptly all he could, he put the parcel into the basket, and so did all he was required. He had the will, and soon found out the way. So it is in numberless instances. Let me give you a few of them.



An orphan boy, named Gifford, was left without a relation or friend in the world. A person named Carlile, who had seized whatever his mother had left, under the pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her, took, however, some notice of him, intending to employ him as a ploughboy. But an injury in his breast unfitted him for this kind of labour. He was afterwards sent on board a coasting-vessel at Brixham, where his life was one of hardship for nearly a twelvemonth. Every menial office fell to his lot. He had broken off all connexion with Ashburton, where Carlile lived; but the women of Brixham, who travelled to that town twice a week with fish, and who had known his parents, did not see him running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers without kind concern. They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton, and the tale excited so much pity in the place, that Carlile was obliged to send for him. At this time he was little more than thirteen years of age.

Arithmetic had for some time greatly interested him, and after the holidays he returned to his favourite pursuit. His

progress at the school to which he was sent was now so rapid, that in a few months he was at the head of the first class, and able to assist the master. He began to think that he might support himself by becoming a regular assistant to him, and that he might at length succeed him; but Carlile disappointed his hopes, and he was bound apprentice till he should attain the age of twenty-one.

How was he now to study arithmetic? He had at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on the science of algebra, given him by a young woman, who had found it. He considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up, for it supposed the reader to know that of which he knew nothing. He, however, met with Fenning's "Introduction," and studying this with great diligence, was able to use his own book. This was not done without difficulty. He had not a farthing, nor a friend to give him one. Pen, ink, and paper were, he says, as completely out of his reach as a crown and sceptre. What was now to be done? He had the will, and therefore found out the way. He beat out pieces of leather as smooth as

possible, and wrought his problems on them with a blunted awl; and then tasked his memory, so that he could multiply and divide by it to a given extent. Such was the early course of one who became an eminent man.

Another, whose difficulties in early life were equally great, and who afterwards obtained deservedly much honour in the world, gives us a similar instance of ingenuity when he received his first lessons in reading. His father bought him a catechism, having, as was usual in Scotland, a copy of the alphabet, in a large type, prefixed. But as this, he tells us, was too good a book for him to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and his father, during the winter, drew the figures of the letters for his son in his written hand on the board of an old wool-card, with the black end of a burnt stem or root snatched from the fire. By this means he soon learned all the alphabet in this form; and, working constantly himself with the brand and the board, became a writer as well as a reader.

I will give you a still more remarkable instance. A young man, who was pursuing a very wicked course, went with some of his

companions to rob some rooks' nests. After being for some time engaged in this way, he climbed to the top of a fir-tree, and attempting to reach another, which, in the darkness of the night, appeared to be within his reach, he jumped, missed his hold, and fell to the ground. Providentially the branches broke his fall, or, as the tree was not less than forty feet high, he would, most probably, have been killed on the spot. He was borne away insensible by his companions. He was indeed apparently dying. Days of pain followed, he could get little sleep, and he proved that "the way of transgressors is hard." For twelve months he lay motionless on his bed; and it had become evident that he had sustained some injury in the spine, which had entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs. Indeed every muscle of his body was impaired, and all sensation below the collar-bone appeared to be entirely gone.

About a year after the accident, a relation borrowed for him the tract entitled "Elizabeth Kenning." She had been a great sufferer also in consequence of sin, but she found mercy through the precious blood of Christ. For more than five years she suf-

fered from a contracted jaw, and nourishment was conveyed through an opening made by extracting some of her teeth. As she had no power in her hands, her attendant placed her Bible sufficiently near, and she turned over its pages very readily with her chin. She learned, too, to write very intelligibly with her mouth, by placing a pen between her nearly closed jaws, and by the movement of her head. She then thought that a brush might be used in the same way, and at length was able to paint flowers and other little pictures.

As the afflicted young man heard or read this affecting story, he determined to try to do the same. At first he copied butterflies in water-colours, but soon adopted a better style. He was kindly supplied with Bewick's Birds, and other engravings of the same kind, and he soon learned to sketch them very accurately with a camel's hair brush and Indian ink. A surprising specimen of his talent in this way, a representation of a golden eagle, was soon after presented to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society. Since then he has made further progress. Inclined towards the right side, with his

paper and copy fixed to his drawing desk, placed on the bed almost perpendicularly before his face, and with his hair-pencil between his teeth, he can produce, by the motion of his neck, assisted occasionally by his lips, the most delicate and beautifully turned strokes. What a proof then is here, as in the afflicted female whom he imitates and exceeds, that "where there's a will there's a way!"

Think, then, of these stories, my young friends; and if you henceforward do heartily as you are bid, I shall not have told them you in vain.



GOOD CONDUCT.

To *hear* about behaving well,
  Is not enough for you;
Aim always that you may excel
  In what you're charged to do.

When far beyond a parent's eye,
  Remember God is near;
Each secret thought he can descry,
  The slightest whisper hear.

Then seek him as your constant Guide;
  His word to you is given,
Obey it: do not turn aside;
  Find peace, and hope, and heaven.

How would you like it to be said of you: "What rude and ill-behaved children are they?" And yet this question may often be heard. Perhaps, too, some of you, my little friends, may have called it forth. Let me then talk to you a little on the subject. You know, I am sure you do, that it ought to be otherwise. No excuse whatever can

be offered for bad behaviour. It has been pointed out to you as an evil again and again, and I hope that you will try to avoid it for the future.

It has often been said that when strangers are present, children behave worse than usual. Indeed, it has sometimes seemed to me as if they did. And I could tell you of not a few little girls and boys being sent out of the room where parents and friends were assembled, in consequence.

On other occasions, too, their conduct has called for reproof; but here is a story which may amuse as well as instruct you. Flora is a very pretty little dog, and a great favourite in a family with which I am well acquainted. When she was first given to the children she was young, but soon showed the sagacity of her race. She has been for some years now a well-behaved dog, and in this respect might be pointed out to the imitation of many children. One evening her master saw her looking very dull; her ears and tail were down, and she moved about very slowly. "What," said he to the servant, "is the matter with Flora?" "She thinks, I suppose, sir," was the reply, "she is in disgrace; for

she did something wrong and was scolded, and we have not spoken to her since." And so, indeed, it appeared; for no sooner was she called to receive her usual patting, than she bounded about as she had not done for a long time before—so glad and delighted was she at being restored to former favour. I cannot say whether or not she recollected the pains of doing wrong, and was kept by this from improper conduct, but this I know, that this should be the case with all children. They ought to be far wiser than dogs, and yet many a reproof may be given them from these interesting animals.

Here is one of many instances. Flora, when first given to the children of the family already referred to, was generally in the breakfast room to welcome them on their coming down stairs. She was then told to go to her rug, placed in a French window; for it was their stated practice to read the Scriptures and engage in domestic devotion.

The dog very soon required no telling, and as regularly, every morning and every evening, as she observed the usual preparations made, would get up even from the front of the fire, and retire to the appointed place. Some time

after, breakfast was laid in another room, which was, of course, without the rug. Flora, however, did not forget that she was to change her place at certain times, and selecting a hassock, she might be seen there coiled up and perfectly still till the morning or evening service was concluded. What a reproof, have I often thought, was given by this dog to many children, who are inclined to be disorderly on such occasions! She has never caused any interruption, nor needed a single word of reproof.

Seriousness and attention are required of us all, when engaged in the service of the God of heaven. One little girl thought of this, and was noticed by a minister, as she always sat in her father's seat, fixing her eyes on him as soon as he rose to commence Divine worship. One day, when he was ill and confined to his chamber, her father called to see him, and began to talk about his little girl, who was then about nine or ten years of age. He asked the minister if he had ever observed how attentive she was. He replied that he had not particularly noticed anything but this, that he had observed the little girl's eyes always fixed on



him. Her father said, "From the time you rise in the pulpit she never turns her head away for a single moment, except sometimes when you say what touches her heart very much; then she turns to her mother, and says, 'Is not that sweet?'"

It was the custom—and a very good one too—of the father of this little girl, to assemble his family on the sabbath, that they might converse together on the truths to which they had been listening in the sanctuary, and he stated, that if they forgot one of the heads or divisions of the sermon, and turned to this little girl, she remembered it. My young friends, could this be said of you? Remember that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," 1 Tim. iv. 8.

Another story will show you this. A lady went out one day, and took her little daughter with her. It was a bright, bitter morning in January, the snow was on the ground, and the water was frozen; and though well wrapped up, they felt the cold was severe. The shopkeeper at one place, knowing the kind disposition of the lady, told her

of a poor widow in the neighbourhood, who was in great distress. So she asked where Mrs. Marshall lived, and said she would go there directly. She soon found the house; it was in a narrow alley, was very mean and dirty, and had a family in every room. The widow occupied the garret; she was ill in bed, from having worked too hard the week before; she was without fire-wood, victuals, and money, and was much distressed because of her child, a little boy, who was very thin, whose clothes were ragged, and who was sitting at the foot of the bed on a stool, eating a crust of bread. He, too, felt for his mother, and said what he could to comfort her.

The lady gave the child some money, and told him to go and buy some coffee and a loaf of bread. When he was gone she remarked to his mother, that he seemed well taught, and from her she heard a very pleasing account of him. She now promised to send them some comforts, and on leaving the room engaged a person to nurse the afflicted widow. The daughter of the lady and her sisters worked very hard that day to mend up some old clothes for the widow and

her child, and one of her brothers begged leave to give him a plaid cloak, which he had outgrown. Poor fellow! he jumped for joy when he came for the clothes, and Charles told him, as he threw the cloak over his shoulders, that it was his own.

The widow was sometimes better and sometimes worse, and though helped by her kind visitor and other ladies, she suffered much. One day, when her son was about nine years old, he went out one Saturday morning after breakfast, and did not come home till near noon.

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Marshall, "where have you been?"

"Mother," said he, "I am old enough to earn my own living. I don't want to be a burden on you any longer. I've been to look for a place."

"And did you get one?" said Mrs. Marshall.

"Yes, mother; and the man I'm hired to will be here presently, to speak to you about me."

Mrs. Marshall asked him how he had managed. John said he went and stood in the market, and looked at the farmers as they came in with their wagons, and when

he saw one that seemed good-natured, he asked him if he wanted to hire a boy. At last he met with one that did.

The farmer came, and agreed to take him on trial for a month, and if they were mutually satisfied, to have him bound till he was twenty-one years old. So he went away with his master.

But the day after the month was up, John came home. He looked very serious, and said he was not going back again. His mother asked him if he had been ill-treated. No; they had been very kind indeed.—Had he enough to eat and drink? Plenty of the best.—Was his work too hard? Nothing but what he could do very well.—Was his master satisfied? Yes, his master wanted him to stay.

"Then why did you come away, John?"

John made no answer. Then his mother was frightened.

"Oh, John," said she, "I am afraid you have done something wrong."

John burst out crying; "No, indeed, mother; I have done nothing wrong."

"Then why won't you go back?"

"Mother," said John, wiping away his

tears and looking very earnest, "my master does not love the Lord Jesus Christ. Mother, I won't be a burden on you. I'll get another place, but I can't live with people that don't love my Saviour."

Poor Mrs. Marshall kissed her dear little boy, and they had scarcely done crying, when the farmer came. He was very sorry to lose John, for he said he was the best little boy he had ever employed. He offered to bring John up as his own child (for he was a rich man) if he would come back; but John was firm. No offer could tempt him to cast in his lot with one who did not fear God. He soon, however, found another place; it was in a pious family. His master was very much attached to him, and on the death of his mistress, his mother was hired as housekeeper. That poor boy grew up to be a man who prospered in the world, who proved that the yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden light, Matt. xi. 30; and who looks to heaven as his home when he passes from the present state. "Wisdom," my young friends, "is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all your getting, get understanding," Prov. iv. 7.

I have told you of a sweet little girl, who when struck on one cheek by her brother, turned to him the other; and pleasing indeed is it to say, that she became a very amiable and pious woman. So excellent was she, that all who knew her loved her. And well they might. It was with her as with the little daughter of Dr. Doddridge. Her father said: "How is it, my dear, that everybody loves you?" And her reply was, "I do not know, papa, except it is because I love everybody." Shall I give you something to remember this lady by? Here it is, it is one of her pretty little poems; I should like you to learn it, and to make its language your own.

I walked in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs played so merrily under the trees,
Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clearwater brook,
To drink from when thirsty, or weary with play;
And so gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day

And when I remember the beautiful psalm,
That tells about Christ and his pastures so green;
I know he is willing to make me his lamb;
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in his field, I for ever shall live;
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in his sheepfold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play,
The long summer's day in contentment they spend;
But happier I—if in God's holy way
I try to walk always, with Christ for my friend.

And now let me say a few words to you of Robert Milne, of whom I have often thought with feelings of peculiar pleasure. He listened to the religious instruction with which he was favoured, and considerable impressions were made on his mind. He sometimes used to walk home alone from the evening-school he attended over the brow of a hill, praying all the way. He felt that he needed the blessings revealed in the gospel, and he sought them from Him by whom alone they can be bestowed.

After this he was placed near to the spot where one of those persons lived, who, though poor in this world, are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. He used sometimes to go to the house of this good man, at the hour of prayer, when he and his family bowed the knee and worshipped God at their

domestic altar. After reading a portion of Scripture, some remarks were made upon it by the head of the family; and these greatly interested Milne, so that he saw a beauty in the word of God which he had never beheld before. Much that had been previously hidden he now saw clearly, and on what he had already observed a new light seemed to be cast. Now he resembled the great apostle, who counted all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord.

How glad would he have been, had the family in which his lot was cast felt as he did! But they were opposed to all that is good. The only place, therefore, that Milne could find for retirement was a sheep-cot, in which the flock were kept in winter. Here, surrounded by his fleecy charge, he often bowed the knee on a piece of turf which he carried with him for the purpose. Many hours did he spend there, in the winter evenings, with a pleasure to which he was before a stranger. There he held communion with the God of heaven, and proved that his favour is life, and his loving-kindness better than life That boy became not only an

eminent Christian, but a zealous and devoted missionary; and whenever you read of what was done, some years ago, in behalf of the millions of China, you will not fail to notice what was accomplished by Dr. Milne, the companion of Dr. Morrison.

With this story uncle William will take his leave of you. He has aimed to promote the welfare of his young friends in this world, but he is especially concerned to be the instrument of advancing their eternal interests. Most sincerely does he desire that the blessing of God may rest on his efforts. The soul once lost is lost for ever; the soul once saved is saved for ever. What, then, can be compared, in importance, with this present and eternal redemption? It is, indeed, of unspeakable moment. Selden was a truly eminent man, and yet he said, "I have taken much pains to know every thing that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but nothing now remains with me to comfort me at the close of life but this passage of St. Paul, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' To this I cleave,

and herein I find rest." So may it be in the case of all those by whom these pages are read. If spared till age, it will be well with them; if in early life they fade, like the blossoms of the spring,

The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven.

